Week ending February 2 1957 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

Tense new novel begins this week

THE STOLEN BOY

COMPLETE STORIES BY HUGH B. CAVE AND FRANK O'CONNOR

How long could you survive without food and water? by ERIC SHIPTON

LETTERS OF CONSEQUENCE

"I sang on a leopard-skin tom-tom"

says SHIRLEY ABICAIR

"WAY BACK in Sydney in 1951 when I was at university," explains Miss Abicair, "I used to take my zither to parties and sing for friends.

"A grand ball came up one day and someone suggested I should offer my services professionally for the cabaret. So I wrote off to the organizers, and they were kind enough to ask me to appear. I had no prepared act and no props. On the great night I sat cross-legged in black cocktail pants on a leopard-skin tom-tom and just sang!"

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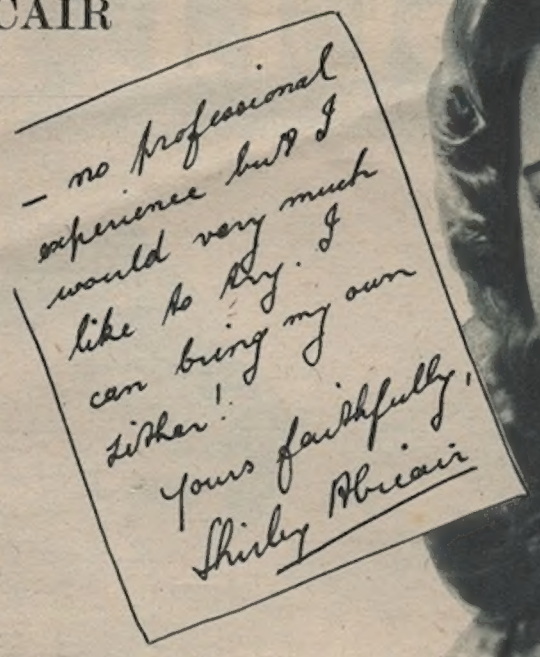

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JOHN BULL

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Eric Shipton proved that climbers don't need caviar

ONE day in 1931, a wiry mountaineer of twenty-four stood on the summit of Kamet, 25,447 feet up in the Himalayas, higher than anyone had climbed before. He had already made four ascents of Mount Kenya—which several parties had tried unsuccessfully to climb—and had conquered Africa's highest mountain, Kilimanjaro. But the ascent of Kamet fired young Eric Shipton, author of the article on human endurance on page 20, with a zest for Himalayan exploration that has never left him.

A year later Shipton was studying farming in Kenya when a cable arrived from London. It was opened in Shipton's absence by an Irish friend who read: MOUNT EVEREST COMMITTEE INVITE YOU JOIN EXPEDITION—REPLY GOODENOUGH. Admiral Sir William Goodenough was then president of the Royal Geographical Society. The Irishman, in his excitement, misread the message. On Shipton's behalf he replied: GOOD ENOUGH—SHIPTON.

Early Everest expeditions, says Shipton, were lavish affairs. "Someone had a theory that if you fed the team on delicacies it would keep up health and high spirits. So we took caviar, tinned breasts of chicken, cases of wines and champagne, and even quails in aspic. It became so difficult to check our supplies that a lot were stolen—including, once, the porters' boots."

Shipton made a study of dietetics, believing that a small, mobile climbing party, lightly equipped, had a greater chance of success. After a £12,000 expedition to Everest had failed, Shipton organized a two-man team to test his theory. "We didn't conquer Everest, but we learned some valuable lessons," he says. "We were away for seven months. And the whole thing cost less than £300."

R. P. LISTER used to spend his Saturday evenings discussing poetry with some of his friends in a London flat. From one of these meetings, two years ago, came the idea for Lister's latest poem, *Receding Tide*, which appears on page 28. For a game, the group picked imaginary titles for unwritten poems out of a hat. The one chosen that evening was *Receding Tide*, and each member of the group had to write a poem on that theme in fifteen minutes. Lister thought his effort was worth polishing up. It is his third poem for JOHN BULL.

Lister, who is forty-two and lives in Bayswater, London, has been writing humorous verse since he was six. "But I was trained to be a scientist, not a literary man." He gained a B.Sc. at Manchester University and became a metallurgist.

In 1949 he threw up metallurgy and took to writing. He has had three light satirical novels published, and many articles and poems. But he has not entirely forsaken science. Three years ago he joined the staff of a London publisher of scientific and technical books, and is now general editor. Apart from writing, his hobbies are riding, fencing and music.

"Idleness is a great spur to writing," says Lister. "I can usually manage to find an hour with nothing in particular to do—even if it is at two in the morning."

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"He is the most difficult man I have ever served, but thank God for having given me the opportunity."

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Free Speech

- Without a home of their own
- Common sense conductors
- Lulled to sleep by noise

IN many of our cities there are magnificent new blocks of council flats, and luxury blocks built by private enterprise. The very needy and the well-off are both being looked after. But people like my wife and I have been completely neglected.

As I don't have a dozen children I cannot get a council flat. I can't afford the £400-a-year rentals that private agents are asking for tiny flats, and I don't have the capital to buy a house. Public authorities and private enterprise have ignored couples who need flats and can pay, say, £4 a week. All we can hope for are rooms in other people's houses.

The housing experts should realize that it is their fault that our young professional people are emigrating. Personally I am going to flat-hunt in London for another month—then I give up.—B. G. M., London, N.W.6.

"We have no plans for flats of this kind," says London County Council. "We must give priority to people who are in urgent need or who are displaced by redevelopment."

The L.C.C. has 165,000 families on its waiting list.

Britain's Envoys

I often see references in the newspapers to embassies in some countries, and legations in others. But I thought Britain had an embassy in every country.—Miss D. W., Hampstead, London.

In fifty-four countries, Britain has embassies, each of which is in the charge of an ambassador. In eleven other countries there are legations, or "junior" embassies, which are headed by ministers.

Architect's Fear

Your article, "A Face Lift Rescues Bricks And Mortar" (John Bull, January 5), reminded me of the case

of a twenty-four storey skyscraper in Sao Paulo, Brazil, that developed a two-foot list due to settlement.

Presumably the architect or engineer spent many sleepless nights while attempts were made to save the building, because under Brazilian law he would have been held criminally responsible for any damage or injury that was caused.

Eventually, the earth was frozen to a depth of sixty feet for eight months while concrete piers were cast, and forty jacks, some of 950 tons capacity, were used to ease the building upright. It was done without causing a crack.—J. F. Bott, Birmingham.

Without Reference

Some years ago I retired as headmaster of a large boys' school, and I am often faced with a difficult situation: boys who are now grown men give my name as a reference when applying for a post. But they don't take the precaution of asking me whether I am willing to vouch for their characters or aptitude for the post sought—despite the fact that I haven't seen many of them for years past.—H. S., Cheshire.

"No legal liability falls on a referee if his opinion is an honest one but is proved wrong later," says a lawyer. "Nobody is obliged to give a reference anyway."

Open Verdict

On a bus recently, a basically simple problem arose: the passengers wanted the window closed, and the conductor demanded that it should

stay open. Hasty words involving names and addresses were exchanged. Finally the problem was solved when the window got jammed shut and refused to open again.

But the problem that remained unsolved was: what right have public servants to impose their will on passengers?—R. W. Buxton, Lancs.

Conductors have certain discretionary powers, such as controlling windows, allowing dogs on buses and dissuading passengers from boarding buses at traffic lights. Most bus companies tell their conductors to use their common sense and try to satisfy the majority of their passengers.

United Charities

Liverpool has a money-raising scheme which is simple, efficient and economical ("Free Speech," December 29).

Under the scheme an appeal is made to all who work in Liverpool to have a penny a week deducted from their pay for the funds of United Voluntary Organizations. The money raised is divided among member charities in acordance with their needs. Under the rules, expenses may never exceed ten per cent of the amount collected. For the year ended July 31, 1956, £5,941 was raised by this method. The staffs of more than three hundred concerns support the scheme.

We hope that, in a few years' time, U.V.O. will be able to provide enough funds to make money-raising efforts by individual charities unnecessary.—Mrs. W. H. Townley, United Voluntary Organisation, 14 Castle Street, Liverpool.

Church Mouse

I, too, have seen some of the wonderful work of the family of Robert Thompson ("Free Speech," January 12). It is in the Royal church of Kirk Bramath, about eight miles from Doncaster.

Every piece of carving—from the pews to the offertory plates—has a beautiful life-size mouse carved on it. There is even one looking round the edge of the pulpit.—Margaret Willson, Doncaster, Yorkshire.

Coal Fossils

At school forty years ago, I was shown a piece of coal bearing the imprint of a fern. It was a perfect object lesson, but I have searched my coal bunker in vain for a similar piece.—L. F. Hooper, Exeter, Devon.

"Fossils of fern and rushes are still quite frequently found in coal, which consists of carbonized trees about two hundred and fifty million years old," says a geologist. "The fossils will have survived the obliteration, under pressure, of everything else except carbon."

Heavenly Hubbub

For years I have lived in an unfurnished flat overlooking the Marble Arch end of London's Edgware Road. But if the Rent Bill goes through without substantial amendment, I shall have no alternative but to move.

I have got so used to the continuous noise of the traffic there that I find I cannot sleep without it. When I go on holiday, I have to insist on a room facing the street and hope that there will be enough traffic about to lull me to sleep.—J. M. Kosky, London, W.2.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THE COVER

Just a little of that vibrant electric massage, and he's a new dog—and a clean one, too. The trouble is that he—and his young fans—expect to go on playing this game all morning, and Mother knows that's no way to get the cleaning done. When the household blitz begins there's no time for the sort of ticklish operation in Phillips's cover. So shoo! Out they go, the three of them. And if they dare to come back treading half the garden into the carpets, there'll be a cleansing operation of a different sort—with the wooden side of a scrubbing brush.

shut your eyes

open your mouth

Delicious
milk-chocolate Penguin.
Creamy-crispy centre.
A meal in itself!

ONLY 3½D

chocolate Penguin

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Nothing can stop you growing older, but you *can* stop the mounting anxiety about your future. You can provide YOURSELF with a pension through one of the various **Pearl Pension Plans,** e.g. £232. 10. 0 a year OR £2,500 in cash, both plus guaranteed bonuses, for you at age 65 or, in the event of earlier death, £2,500 plus accrued bonuses for your family.

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Result of the **second** £250 "Fitting Phrases" Contest which appeared in "JOHN BULL" dated January 12 will appear in the earliest possible issue.

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32, Buckingham Palace Road, LONDON, S.W.1.

Herbert Litmore had money to spare—and enemies. One of them must lead him to . . .

THE STOLEN BOY

by HENRY WADE

ILLUSTRATED BY OSTRICK

RICHARD FAIDLAW, the Chief Constable of Farborough, had called his senior officers in conference. "There's just one thing more, gentlemen," he said at the end of a long hour's discussion of the current problems. "The press are having another of their anti-crime campaigns—you will all have noticed that. I shouldn't pay much attenion to it, but for one thing. The *Farborough Post* is in it now, and the proprietor of the *Post*, as you probably know, is Herbert Litmore, a man of substance and responsibility. I have a good deal of respect for Mr. Litmore."

The chief constable glanced round the room. One or two of his superintendents nodded, as if in agreement with this sentiment.

"The *Post's* particular line is the iniquity of funfairs," Faidlaw continued. "Apparently the editor—or somebody—thinks that behind the vulgarities and the rigged pin-tables there is some organized crime and vice going on. The *Post* has turned the heat on, and apparently somebody doesn't like that. Mr. Litmore came to see me last night and told me

Jonnison saw that his wife was angry. "Where on earth have you been?" she asked petulantly

that he had been receiving threatening letters on the subject. He tore the first one up, but the tone of the second one was more aggressive and he brought it round here. Nothing very original about it."

Faidlaw picked up a clip which held a half-sheet of paper. "Capital letters," he said. "'Drop your attacks on funfairs. If not you'll pay heavy. You can't afford to throw stones.' Now, gentlemen, this may just be a joke or a stunt of some kind, but I want it stopped. Will those of you who have funfairs in your divisions please look into the matter? A word with the proprietors will probably be enough. Any questions?"

No questions.

"Then that will be the lot. Thank you. Stay behind, Mr. Jonnison, please."

The superintendent who remained was a rather stocky man of medium height; he had dark hair and a short, dark moustache and was in general a handsome man with a rather hard mouth. He was in charge of Park Division, which contained a large proportion of the more desirable residences in Farborough.

On the walls of the chief constable's office hung photographs of his predecessors, together with a rather crude colour-print of the Queen. There also hung a large-scale map of the great seaport of Farborough, showing the divisions into which the City Police Force was organized.

Faidlaw walked across to the map and studied it carefully. He said: "You've got none of these fairs in your division, have you, Jonnison?"

"Only one, sir—the Venusberg in Port Street."

"Who owns it?"

"Chap called Oldwistle, sir; quite a character. The Venusberg is only a sideline for him; he has a lot of irons in the fire—shop property, boats, a garage."

The chief constable seemed to have lost interest in the subject. He said, as he turned away from the map: "Mr. Litmore is one of your parishioners, isn't he?"

"Yes, sir; got a fine house on the north side of Clitton Park—bit old-fashioned, I believe, but very comfortable."

Faidlaw stood behind his desk, tapping a cigarette thoughtfully on the blotter. He was silent for so long that Jonnison wondered whether the chief had forgotten all about him.

Faidlaw's next words answered that doubt.

"I have a feeling that these letters to Mr. Litmore are genuine," he said, "though not necessarily quite what they appear. It seems to me possible that they may involve blackmail, and that is why I am going to tell you something that very few people know. I needn't impress on you that it must not, without my permission, go any farther."

Superintendent Jonnison did not comment.

"Herbert," Mrs. Litmore said, "it's a quarter past nine. Surely Ben ought to be home

FAIDLAW continued: "Very early in his life, Mr. Litmore blotted his copybook. He was convicted of a cheque forgery and went inside for six months. That business happened in the south—I forget just where; after a year or two he moved up here, and I don't believe a whisper of the story came with him—except, of course, to us. Litmore has built himself a reputation for complete integrity, and I believe he deserves it; but if somebody has got hold of that forgery story and can prove, or even pretend to prove it, then he is a sitting target for blackmail."

"I quite see that, sir." Superintendent Jonnison's expression was normally rather wooden and he did not show any sign of being greatly interested—though no doubt he was.

Faidlaw nodded. He said: "Now that you know there *are* grounds for blackmail you will realize the importance of piping that down as much as you possibly can. Understand?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Well, all right, then. Better see your friend Oldwistle, though I doubt if he's the type—from what you say—to send anonymous threatening letters."

The chief constable sat down and flicked a switch on his intercom; Jonnison, recognizing the signal, quietly left the office. Out in the open air, he looked at his wrist-watch and frowned.

He had counted on having a clear evening, so far as his work was concerned, but he knew his chief well enough to realize that Oldwistle must be seen at once.

He went straight along to the offices of Oldwistle Enterprises. Sam Oldwistle was a large, clean-shaven man of about fifty, florid and running to fat, with a pair of small, pig-like but normally twinkling eyes. He rose from behind his large desk and greeted his visitor with outstretched hand.

"Well, Mr. Superintendent," he said, "this is a pleasure. At least, I hope it is. Nothing wrong, eh?"

"I hope not, sir," Jonnison said. "Just an inquiry I have to make." He paused. "You are interested in a funfair, I believe, Mr. Oldwistle."

Sam Oldwistle's eyes narrowed slightly. "The Venusberg; yes. I own that one; what about it?"

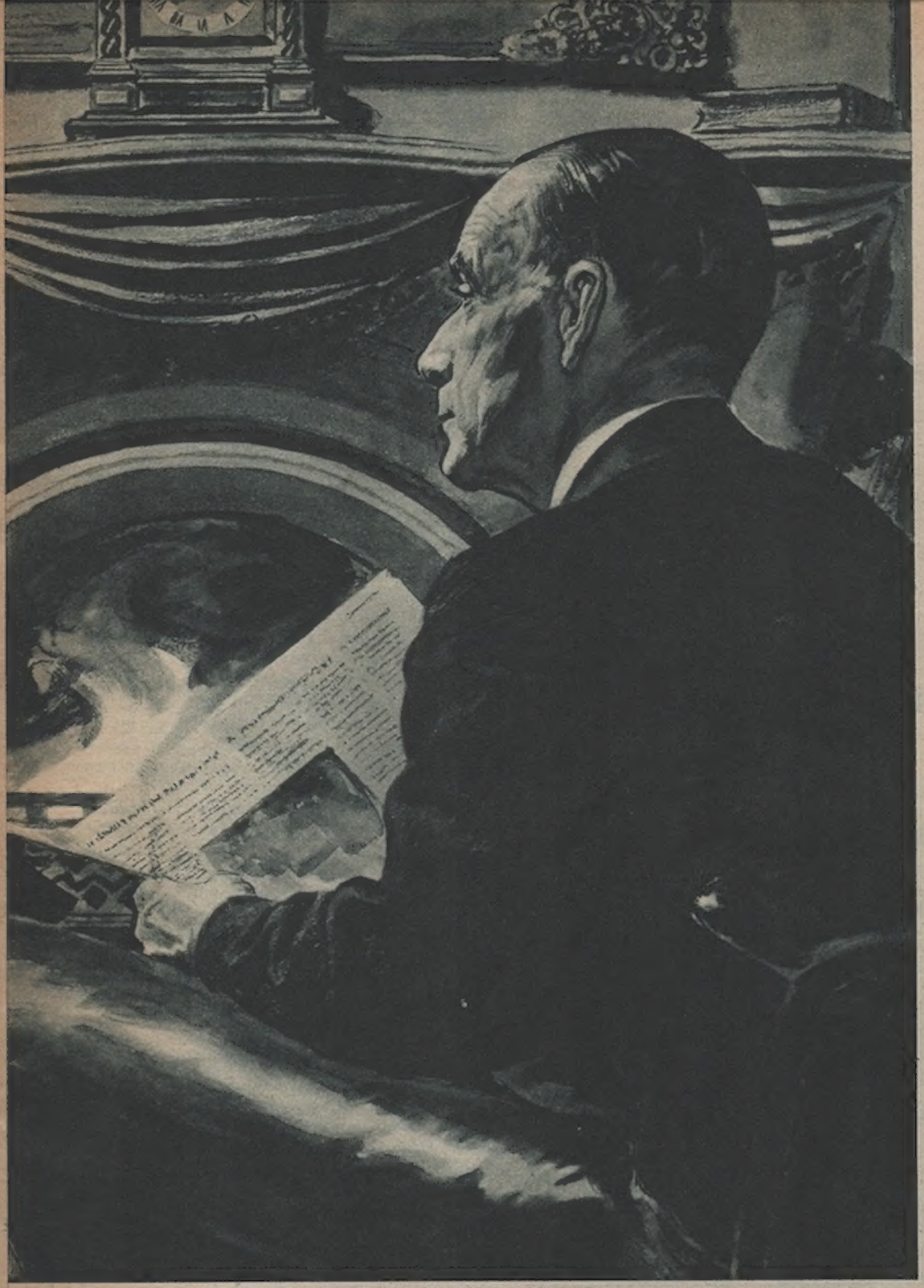
Jonnison said: "You may have noticed that the press are playing up the subject of crime at the moment. One of them in particular is making a target of funfairs—suggesting that they cover a lot of gambling, vice, and so on."

The twinkle had completely left Sam Oldwistle's eyes now. "The *Post*, eh?" he said. "Yes, I've noticed that. You don't pay any attention to what that old woman Litmore says, do you, Mr. Jonnison? I run the Venusberg straight and decent—bit of fun, of course, bit of slap and tickle, bit of a flutter; nothing dirty, nothing against the law. Why should that old so-and-so. . . ?"

Oldwistle was working himself up, and Jonnison thought it as well to step in and cool him off.

"We have no complaints about the working of your fair, Mr. Oldwistle," he said. "The point I've come to see you about is a bit different. Someone has been writing letters to Mr. Litmore about his paper's campaign against the fairs. That wouldn't be you, would it?"

"Me? Write to that old . . . ? Wouldn't



by now?" Litmore said: "No, my dear. I think not." But he was beginning to wonder . . .

waste my time. Got better things to do. Who says I wrote to him?"

"Nobody has said so. The letters are anonymous. They also contain threats."

That seemed to sober down the funfair proprietor a bit. He looked thoughtfully at the superintendent.

"I have never written an anonymous letter to anyone in my life," he said carefully. "If you are looking for the writer, you won't find him here. That's definite."

"Thank you," said Jonnison. "That's only what I expected. But can you help me . . . where to look?"

Oldwistle eyed his visitor thoughtfully, rubbing a fat finger across a fat chin. He said: "Mind you, I know nothing—nothing at all—but the men who do least good to our business—the good name of funfairs—are Brackett, of the Red Mill, and Hodden; Hodden runs the Arabian Nights and he's opening a place down by the docks, somewhere; I don't know what he calls it."

Jonnison rose to his feet. He was quite sure that Oldwistle would tell him no more, except under pressure, and the matter did not seem serious enough for that. He thanked Oldwistle, declined a drink, and left. . . .

The Jonnisons, husband and wife with no children, lived in a small detached house in a good neighbourhood. It was a quarter to seven when Jonnison slipped his latchkey into the door, and as soon as he was inside he heard his wife's rather shrill voice.

"Jim! Come up here."

With a slight tightening of the mouth Jonnison walked up the stairs and into his wife's bedroom.

"Where on earth have you been? Do you know what time it is? Have you forgotten that we are going to the Yacht Club whist drive tonight?"

Beryl Jonnison was sitting at her dressing-table. She was a good-looking woman, with fine dark eyes, her appearance marred only by a rather thin mouth.

"I do wish you would be a little more considerate of me, Jim," she went on petulantly. "You know I never look my best if I am hurried, and there will be really important people there tonight. You must have a bath, of course—the water's hot. Better get the car out now, before you change. Now do run along. Oh, and switch on my wireless before you go."

Turning to the mirror again, she did not see the look on her husband's face as he bent to switch on the table radio beside her bed. The strains of dance music floated on to the air as Jim Jonnison walked downstairs, after carefully shutting the door behind him.

Ten minutes later, the door opened again and there was Jonnison. He said: "I'm sorry, dear, I can't come to the whist drive."

"Can't come?"

"No. Dick's had an accident; he's in Newcastle Hospital. I've just had a phone call. They can't tell me much, but he's in danger. I must get there at once."

Beryl ignored this. "Can't come?" she repeated, in a voice full of exasperation. "But you must come. I told you . . . there'll be . . . oh, how can you be so selfish and inconsiderate?"

"I'm sorry, Beryl. I know it's a nuisance for you, but Dick's my brother," Jonnison said doggedly. "I'll ring Hickson and tell him to send a car for you."

Beryl Jonnison sat staring into her mirror, her face stiff with anger. Her husband left her, went to his own room and hurriedly changed his clothes. After a few more necessary preparations he went out to the modest Austin car that would not now be taking Mrs. Jonnison to join her important people. . . .

It was after midnight when he returned, and his wife was already back. He knew this because on the hall table there was a note in her handwriting: *You are wanted at police headquarters. 10.5 p.m.* . . .

In his drawing-room, rich with mahogany, glass and well-cleaned silver, Herbert Litmore was reading a newspaper. He had had a worrying day, doubly worrying because of his decision, pondered with due deliberation, to take his worry to the police—or rather, to his friend Richard Faidlaw, the chief constable. He was not questioning his decision, but regretting that such an unpleasant breath should mar the smooth tenor of his mellow life.

Because it *had* been mellow. An earlier enterprise had boomed with the war demand and Litmore had sold sufficient of his holding to buy the *Post*—and enjoy himself. And the birth of his son Ben—he already had two daughters growing up—had seemed to crown his life.

This evening Ben, now ten years old, had gone with a friend, Jack Smead, to watch some boxing at the youth club gymnasium. Jack was the elder of the two by a couple of years, and was in charge of the outing. Both boys boxed at school, but this was one of the fortnightly boxing competitions organized by the police at the youth club.

These evenings were a constant source of anxiety to Agnes Litmore, and she always fretted till Ben was home. True, he was not taking part in the boxing, but he was mixing with rough boys and—as part of the treat encouraged by his father—went to and from the gymnasium through the streets of the city escorted only by Jack Smead.

Now, as nine o'clock approached—the earliest hour at which his son could be expected to return—Agnes kept glancing at the massive ormolu clock on the mantelpiece.

"Is it raining, do you think, Herbert?" she asked. "Ben didn't take his raincoat."

Litmore glanced up from his newspaper. He said: "Don't you fret, my dear. The boy will take no harm."

There was a pause, and then Agnes said: "Is that friend of his all right, Herbert? Are you sure?"

Again the paper descended on to Litmore's knees. He said, a trifle impatiently: "Jack Smead? Why, you know him, don't you? A first-class boy; captain of the school. Ben

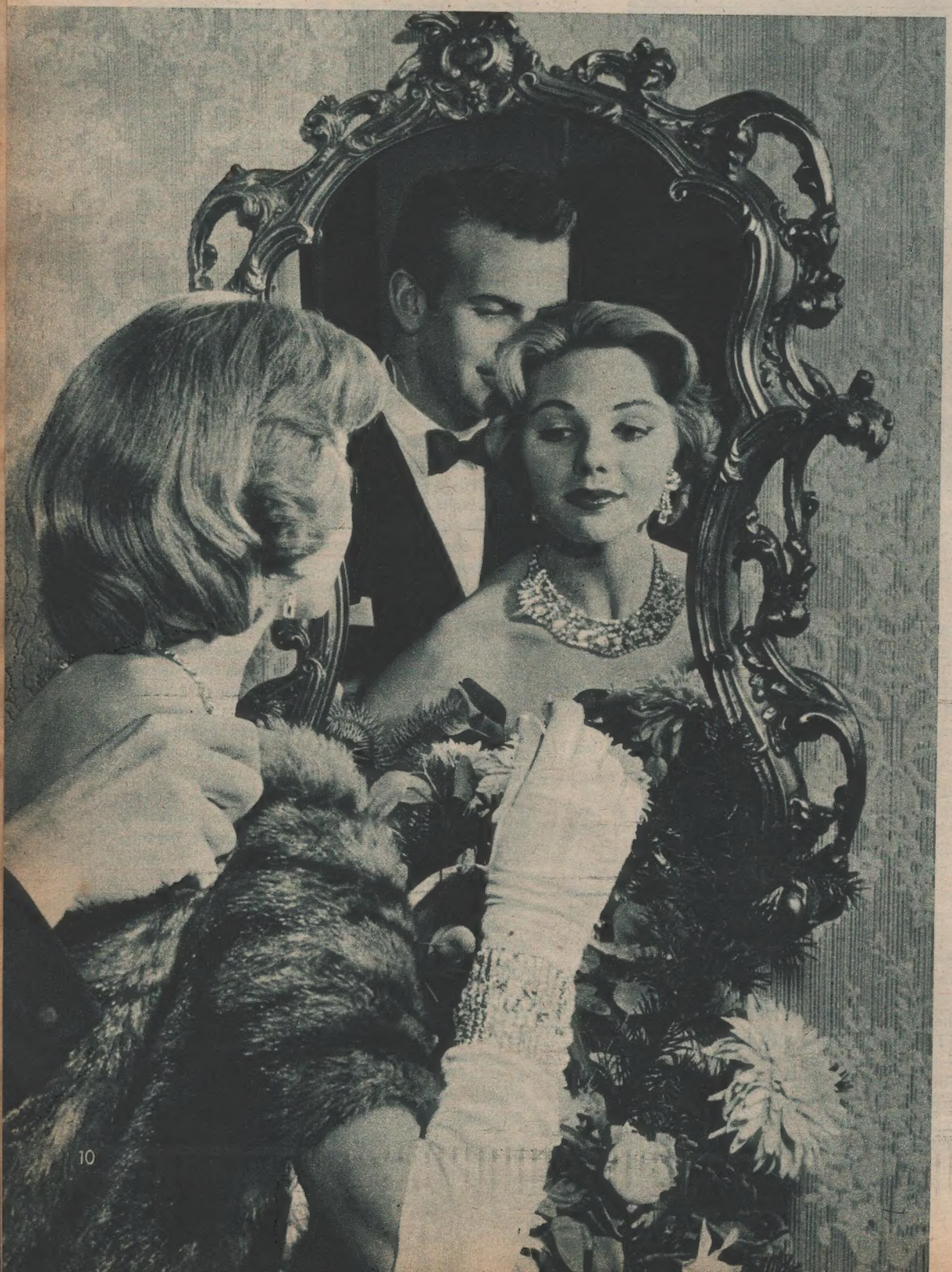
Continued on page 22

Instinct helps Cecil Barber to assess the impact his jewels will make on the public

Trinkets with a priceless glitter

by RENÉ LECLER

Mass-produced jewellery sells at £25 million a year. Makers like Cecil Barber know how to make glass diamonds convincing



A model wears a wide rhinestone necklace which costs five and a half guineas. Ear-rings can be bought for as little as 7s. 6d.

CECIL BARBER, head of a firm of costume jewellery manufacturers, was studying new designs some years ago when he hit upon the idea of a small Charlie McCarthy brooch. Gambling on the rising popularity of the famous American dummy, he called for a big production order. British women refused to buy the trinket and he was left with large stocks on his hands. They were forgotten in a storeroom until two years later, when one of his colleagues, finding that American ideas were in vogue again, dipped a tiny brush in enamel paint and transformed Charlie McCarthy into Uncle Sam. The stock was cleared within a few weeks.

Barber explains: "It was one more reminder of the fact that what we think is a good idea and what the customer will buy are not necessarily the same thing."

Another question which has long puzzled Barber is how to decide whether a piece of jewellery, when seen at a distance, is real or imitation. He firmly believes that even the expert can be wrong. He was staring at a woman's magnificent diamond necklace at a party some months ago when he felt an insistent tap on the shoulder. It was the woman's escort. Angrily, the man asked: "Would you like an introduction to my wife?" "I suddenly felt very small," says Barber. "I managed to explain to him my professional interest in his wife's jewels. We parted friends and I reflected once more that diamonds are still a girl's best friends—even imitation ones."

Luckily for him, the point is now purely academic. Over the last twenty years British women have become convinced that costume jewellery is not beneath their dignity and they now spend £25 million a year buying inexpensive glitter. Barber's firm, Corocraft, Ltd., is one of two hundred in the business and every week his two factories in London and South Wales turn out a ton of ear-rings, necklaces, bracelets and brooches. He has customers on every level of British society and last year he sent fifteen per cent of his total production of well over a million pieces to foreign markets. He has had orders from Moscow and Tripoli and from pack-mule pedlars in Ethiopia. In Northern Rhodesia, a trader who goes bush-hopping in a light Auster plane to sell to Africans buys ten gross of Barber's glitter every month.

One woman who attended the Prince Rainier-Grace Kelly wedding in Monaco last year paid Barber £15 for fifteen rows of imitation pearls. Made of glass or alabaster, these pearls are dipped repeatedly into synthetic nacre, a substance made from fish scales, until the required size has been achieved. They and imitation diamonds, made of glass with a mirrored base, are the most difficult of all artificial jewels to detect. One London society woman, well known for her fabulous necklace of three rows of real pearls, recently ordered a fourth row from Barber. "As far as I know," he says with a smile, "she has never been found out."

Barber, a slightly built, distinguished-looking Londoner of fifty-eight, believes that his business is one of the most chancy in the whole range of British consumer goods. It is subject to violent fluctuations, depends on the unaccountable tastes of women, the weather, news and changes in fashions. But though women may occasionally change their taste in costume jewellery, they are never likely to stop wearing it. Of the twenty-three film actresses who attended the 1956 Royal Film Performance, fifteen wore imitation jewellery.

Barber's cheapest article is a 7s. 6d. pair of ear-rings, and his most expensive is a fifteen-guinea necklace in which every one of the multi-coloured stones is claw-set as in precious

Barber sells between three and four hundred lines annually. In the cheapest, the stones are glued in; the more expensive ones have claw settings

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

The jewellery is cast in white metal before the stones are set. Three hundred workers—mostly girls—produce a ton every week

jewellery. He manufactures between three and four hundred lines of costume jewellery every year and with the permutations of colours and stones, imitating rubies, emeralds, sapphires, aquamarines, topaz and diamonds, the number of different articles may approach 1,500. He has two collections, spring and autumn, and his designers regularly attend fashion shows in Paris, New York and London. Prototypes are studied during lengthy conferences in March and October, after which Barber and his associates put in production orders for anything between a few dozen and five thousand pieces.

Some years ago Barber and Alfred Plato, his general manager, decided to market a bangle-type bracelet with bright stripes of different colours. Both thought it had a fresh, spring-like look and would appeal to many women. At the spring collection in the firm's showrooms near London's Oxford Circus, store buyers from all over Britain placed large orders. But women customers failed to buy the bracelet and it was quickly withdrawn.

"Happily," Barber says, "the thing works the other way round, too." Last summer, he decided that "Petit Point," a necklace of small enamelled flowers in clusters of red, white and blue, should sell well. He ordered an unusually large stock. After the first three days of sale in early June, his stock had turned out to be a mere ten per cent of the demand. He has now sold over 60,000 necklaces of this kind.

"We have about two winners in every ten productions," says Barber. "The others sell slowly or not at all. But you can't afford to wait. There is nothing deader than a dead piece of costume jewellery and in this firm we always say that we kill our failures yesterday."

DURING a recent spate of Western films, Barber produced quickly a bangle bracelet in imitation silver carrying covered wagons, Winchesters, saloon signs and other Far West emblems. The first production order promptly disappeared into the shops and stores of Britain and did especially well in the north of England. A similar gimmick bracelet symbolizing Rock 'n' Roll, brought out during the recent epidemic, sold in vast quantities in London suburbs. It has now become a best-seller in the Gold Coast capital of Accra. "I don't have to look up the film releases," Barber says. "I know they have seen the film over there."

Apart from a few oddities of taste, such as the lack of demand for imitation emeralds in Ireland, the Emerald Isle, Barber believes that most British women are fairly selective in their choice. They prefer dainty prettiness to chunky, unusual pieces; pastel shades are favoured and by now most of his customers have reached definite conclusions as to what suits them. Redheads wear sapphires and diamonds, brunettes rubies and amethysts, and most blondes wear pearls and turquoise. "The exception," he says, "is the blonde who wants to look dramatic: she wears a plain black dress and diamonds. With that she can't miss."

The store where a woman shops has a great deal of influence over what she buys. Sooner or later, he believes, a woman begins to look like her favourite store's feminine ideal. When he introduced a pretty necklace with pale colours and dainty metal work some years ago, most London stores took it up with enthusiasm. Looking at his returns after a few months, he discovered that one store in Regent Street had not even put in an order while its neighbours only a few hundred yards away did some good business with it.

As an experiment, Barber induced the store manager to make a special window display of the new range. "At the end of the first week," he recalls, "they had sold six necklaces. It was just not the sort of thing his customers expected to find in the store and they left it alone."

But most seasons Barber and his colleagues know instinctively what will be the best selling lines of the collection. Last summer they took a gamble on an entirely new type of pale synthetic stone with a delicate multi-coloured shimmering effect rarely achieved by any natural stone. Called "Aurora Borealis," it sold 40,000 within a few weeks. "Its pale shades agreed with the Englishwoman's complexion," he says, "and since it threw out so many different colours it could match almost any dress."

The three hundred workers in his two factories, most of them girls who have been trained to handle tiny instruments with precision, work with two basic materials: a white-metal alloy which, in four and a half pound ingots, makes up the metal part of the jewellery, and millions of stones from an Austrian glass factory which has so specialized in the manufacture of imitation jewels that it supplies three-quarters of the world demand.

Barber tends to object when a customer expects her jewellery to have a longer life than its price would warrant. Recently, a north of England store asked him to repair a small brooch for one of its regular customers who had mislaid some stones. Looking at the unfamiliar piece, Barber studied his order book and discovered that the brooch had been sold in 1939 for 5s. 9d. "Either the woman was inordinately fond of the little trinket," he says, "or else she expected rather too much for her money."

HE believes that all jewellery is a feminine morale raiser, even though, as he discovered recently, some women buy his jewellery to deck out their poodles. Sometimes it even has a good prestige effect. One impoverished British society woman living in an Italian resort recently attended an official ball wearing a magnificent string of Barber's imitation pearls. "Shortly afterwards," she wrote to him, "I was invited by people who had looked down their noses at me, and what's more, my creditors stopped pestering me with bills."

A suave, optimistic man who lives quietly with his wife in a handsome Buckinghamshire house, Barber is only rarely surprised by the uses women make of his jewellery. Yet recently, when he introduced a new range of teenage jewellery, he was astounded by the size and frequency of orders from a single London store. After the buyer had three times asked him to lengthen the necklaces, Barber rang him up and said: "I shall be happy to oblige, but really, you must have an awful lot of fat teenagers in your district."

"Teenagers?" the man replied. "It's nothing like that. We merely stopped calling it teenage jewellery and all our matrons are buying it. Unfortunately, their necks are a bit too big."

THE END

WOMAN AT THE WHEEL (3)

Angry Spaniards attack our car

by SHEILA VAN DAMM

It was tragic . . . and terrifying. In the flooded road villagers screamed abuse. And then they turned on me

WHEN I entered for the Lisbon Rally of October, 1953, I hardly realized what excitement and sheer tragedy lay ahead. Françoise Clarke was my co-driver. The only other Sunbeam-Talbot entered was driven by Goff Imhof, who had won the Lisbon in 1947 and 1949. We started together from Paris.

I had persuaded the Rootes people in Paris to let me buy two beautiful new spotlights. This greatly amused Goff and his co-driver, John Suter, who had not driven in a works car before.

John had not a very high opinion of women drivers, and I decided that we must raise it. I staged my first demonstration outside Orly Airport. It was an easy section, and I was nattering away to Françoise about the importance of always paying attention. Just then a lorry crossed in front of Goff to go into the airport, and Françoise interrupted my lecture to inquire if I knew that Goff had stopped.

I braked hard, my four wheels locked, and we slid into the back of him. Goff saw us coming in his driving mirror, and released his brakes, but could not avoid a collision. Not much damage was done—except to my spotlights, which were completely smashed. Goff was inclined to think that John's opinion of women drivers might be right. . . .

We had fun in Lyons. As in most rallies now, we were forbidden to stop within sight of a control if we were before our scheduled time, and this regulation sharpened the battle of wits between competitors and organizers. The drill was to stop just out of sight of the control and see to the car and ourselves there.

It was dark when we reached Lyons. As we drove into the town we kept getting out of the cars and peering round street corners to locate the control, trying not to look like rally-drivers.

Finally John nearly walked slap into the control. He beat a hasty but stealthy retreat to the nearest doorway, and was about to be arrested for loitering with intent when Françoise went to the rescue in her most voluble style. She thus convinced John that some women drivers have their uses after all. . . .

It was when we crossed into Spain and reached the control of San Sebastian that the rally took an astonishing turn.

Everybody was in a state of great agitation. Since we had left Paris there had been terrible floods in northern Spain. We did not know it, but roads and bridges had collapsed, thirty-nine people had died, and many were homeless.

Officials said that the road to Burgos was impassable beyond Tolosa, ten miles out of San Sebastian. We would have to make a detour of about fifty miles, on a mountain road which might be all right. But the telephone wires were down, so no one could be sure.

The officials had no power to give us any extra time, so we had to increase our average speed.

Then we reached Tolosa. I had never seen anything like it before, and I hope I never shall again. It was a stricken village, and people were homeless. On the road, mud was almost up to the axle. It was like driving through glue.

By now we had slowed to walking pace, but we were still spraying mud all over the place. It was the first time in my life that I ever came across a hostile crowd in a rally—or, indeed, at any other time.

Of course it should never have been allowed to happen. The officials must have known what conditions were like at Tolosa, and to let the rally go through was an insult to the stricken villagers.

About thirty cars had gone through before us, and now the people had had enough. One of them picked up a spade full of mud—with a stone in it—and flung it with all his force at Goff's windscreen. Luckily it did not smash it, but bounced off.

At that moment another man came at me with his umbrella held like a golf-club, with the idea of smashing my windscreen. I just managed to move the car to the left so that he missed.

There were about fifty or sixty people round us, up to their calves in mud, screaming abuse and brandishing fists and sticks. It was quite the most terrifying experience I ever had.

At last we were through the tragic village, and a policeman directed us on to the alternative route, a small narrow mountain road. Because of the extra distance we started fast, but soon we came across lorries—very large lorries—coming the other way. They were taking blankets and food to the people of Tolosa.

I slowed into first gear to let a lorry through, and pulled over as far as I could. Then there was a noise of tearing metal as a hook on the lorry caught the side of our car, smashed the rear window, and tore the metal away.

We had to contend with several more lorries, and that meant going faster than ever when the road was clear. We were lucky to reach the control on time. We learned that most of the others had, too—including Greta Mölander, of Sweden, and Nancy Mitchell, who had driven with me in the 1952 Monte Carlo Rally.

THE most difficult part of the rally turned out to be two tight sections in Portugal. We had a timed climb up a winding mountain pass on a treacherously muddy road in the middle of a foggy night. We were going great guns without seeing much when we had to turn sharp right to cross a wooden bridge. I braked late and slid forward, only just stopping with my front wheels on the edge of the stream.

Only fourteen cars did this part on time—including, to John's amazement, the three all-women crews. Greta's achievement in her

A Dutch competitor in the Lisbon Rally inquires if the route is clear. The rally went on in spite of severe floods

Anne Hall (left) and Yvonne Jackson toast Sheila's birthday on the last Monte Carlo Rally. In 1955, Sheila was fêted—and delayed—at many control points

A song rehearsal at the Windmill. "The ideal Windmill girl, says Sheila, must have personality, youth, beauty, talent—in that order

small Saab was quite remarkable, for there was no handicap for low-powered cars. The rest of the road section was fairly easy, and all three of us had clean sheets when we reached the final control at Estoril.

Then we had an acceleration and braking test, which put me ahead a little on marks. Everything now depended on the round-the-houses speed and regularity test, which was to take place next day.

None of us knew what the course was like, so in the evening after dinner we decided to try it. Goff and I borrowed a left-hand-drive Sunbeam-Talbot from the local distributor.

Meanwhile, my mother had arrived. She and Nina Imhof had flown out from England for the finish. When I told Mother our plans for making a recce of the course, she insisted on coming to watch.

We posted her on one corner with strict instructions to wave us down if anything was coming. Nina was stationed on another corner. When all was ready we set off round the streets of Estoril.

We practised for about an hour, Goff and I taking it in turns to drive. Then, much to our surprise, the police appeared and threatened to throw us all into jail. By now I expected that Mother would want to bundle me into the next aeroplane to take me home to be certified, so I quickly assured her that we did not always do this sort of thing.

"Don't you?" she said, disappointed. "But it's such fun. When are you going to take me on a rally?"

The course was nearly a mile on a closed circuit round the houses, and we had to cover six laps. The first was a look-see, to get the hang of the layout. The other five had to be done as fast and consistently as possible.

To make it more difficult we were not allowed to take our co-drivers, so we now had to do our own timing. Goff had worked out a wonderful device for this. Two kitchen clocks were fitted on the dashboard. We attached strings to them so that when one clock stopped, the other started.

Marks were given for speed and regularity, and while we were waiting to go, all the British competitors sat together and discussed tactics. The question was whether to be fast and consistent, or consistent and not so fast.

Nancy was all for speed, of course; but when she did her run she was amazingly consistent. She did her test magnificently.

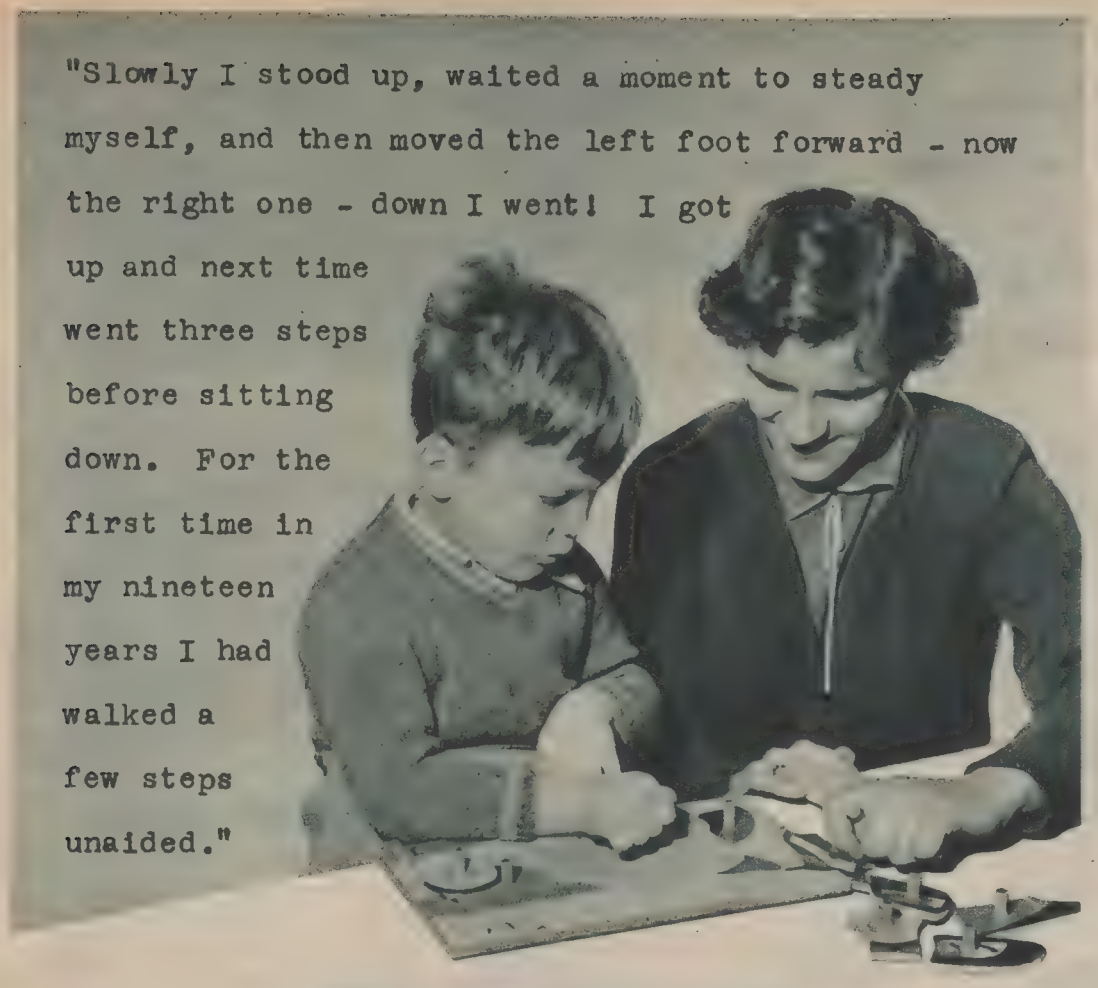
Greta was not so good, so I knew that if I could beat Nancy I would win the European championship. But Nancy was going to take some beating.

I set off at the drop of the flag, went round the first left-hand corner, and immediately spun the car out of control. I slid sideways and nearly mounted the pavement. I had taken the corner more slowly than on the night before, but the surface had become greasy, because wear from the tyres of other cars had made the tar melt.

This blunder did not lose me any marks, for I could still do the first lap comfortably in the time allowed; but it shook me rather badly, and although I was fairly consistent over the next five laps my speed was not so high as Nancy's.

Nancy won the ladies' prize. She was sixth

Sheila at home with her father and mother. When she gave up rallying she rejoined her father at the Windmill. He told her, "Have fun." One day she will run the show herself


"Slowly I stood up, waited a moment to steady myself, and then moved the left foot forward - now the right one - down I went! I got up and next time went three steps before sitting down. For the first time in my nineteen years I had walked a few steps unaided."

Vera Dean, born a "spastic," can now help to teach similarly handicapped children

Three steps forward

by VERA DEAN

In the ordinary, everyday setting of a suburban home, there may be acted a drama as rich and as profoundly moving as any of the world's greatest stories—a drama of one person's heroic attempt to come to terms with life.

Such is the story of Vera Dean, handicapped from birth, but resolutely determined to succeed and to help others. *Three Steps Forward* tells of her inspiring achievement. The first instalment will appear . . .

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

in the general classification, I was seventh, and Greta eleventh. Greta, her co-driver, Helga Lundberg, and I had the same number of points to qualify for the Ladies' European Touring Championship of 1953, but Greta and Helga were awarded the title because their rallying that year had brought them a bigger number of firsts.

I was not disappointed, for I had not expected to win. Greta Mölander is one of the nicest possible persons to lose to, and typical of the outstanding women drivers it has been my privilege to meet. . . .

Undoubtedly among the most remarkable of all women drivers is Lorna Doone Snow. We were competitors in the Royal Scottish Automobile Club's Coronation Rally.

Her white Jaguar was upholstered in jaguar skin, with carpets to match, and she wore a jaguar-skin outfit. On one rally she is said to have used brandy to clean her windscreen, because she found the odour stimulating. I could not imagine anyone in less need of stimulating.

Flamboyant, even theatrical, she added a splash of colour to the rally world, although it was a mistake to underrate her considerable ability as a driver.

In the Scottish rally, Lorna was drawn two numbers ahead of us, so we saw quite a lot of her.

Six numbers ahead of Lorna was my teammate, Keith Elliot, a well-known driver. Following Norman's instructions, Keith and I amused ourselves by testing a two-way radio system which Norman was thinking of using for the Alpine.

I was following Lorna in torrential rain along a very narrow loch-side road when Keith called me up.

"Sunbeam One calling Sunbeam Two—are you receiving me? Over."

"Sunbeam Two calling Sunbeam One—receiving you loud and clear. Over." All very pompous and terribly R.A.F.

Keith: "There is a car coming from the opposite direction. Should be with you any minute. Over."

I had just flicked the switch over and opened my mouth to answer when bang! crash! wallop! Lorna and the approaching car had collided.

Me to Keith: "Car arrived and hit Lorna. Details to follow. Over and out."

I stopped and went to look at the wreckage, which was blocking the road. They had been going too slowly for any blood to be spilt, but Lorna was looking slightly dazed.

"Are you all right, dear?" I asked solicitously.

"I think so," she said.

"Can you drive the car?"

"I think so." She gave me a wintry smile of gratitude for this unexpected concern.

"Then," I said, "perhaps you'll get to hell off the road, so that we can all get by and go on with the rally."

Her reply was unprintable. On such things are friendships based.

True to form, the old girl extracted herself from the wreckage, motored on with her beautiful white XK120 battered down one side, and came up smiling at the next control—on time. . . .

A MONTH after the 1953 Lisbon I helped to carry the flag for my sex when I flew to New York for the first International Great American Mountain Rally. I was the only woman competing.

The car was a Sunbeam Alpine, and for the first time my co-driver was a man. He was Ron Kessell, a Coventry boy with a brilliant head for figures. He needed all that and something more to do the calculations on this remarkable event. With us in the team were Sherwood Johnston, the American racing driver, and Ian Garrad, Norman's eldest son.

It was not what I would call an easy rally.

At the scrutineering the day before the start each competitor had to declare his speedometer percentage error. This was required because marks were to be deducted for discrepancies between our own mileage readings and the official known mileage for each day. This fascinating rule was something new in international rallies—and, thank Heaven, it never caught on.

We were able to declare our error without much trouble, as we had spent many hours driving up and down the Jersey Turnpike checking the accuracy of our own instrument.

The organizers set super-Alpine standards of punctuality. We were penalized four marks per minute early or late at controls—and there was no tolerance.

There was also a penalty if we were caught stopping before our scheduled time within sight of a control—and to cap it all, we did not know where the controls were. We were not given their locations, but were simply told the official distances between them.

We were given the route-card at the start. Kept secret until then, it gave a detailed route with the official intermediate mileages. At one point the directions read: "Over bridge—turn left to Woodstock, three miles." We went over the bridge, turned left—and there was a signpost reading: "Woodstock—seven miles!"

Our speedometer agreed with the signpost, so the official distance was four miles adrift. At the end of the first day's run our speedometer, after the declared error had been taken into consideration, recorded four miles more than the official distance. The penalty was ten marks per mile, and Sherwood, Ian and I each lost

Continued on page 31

San Marlo Incident

by ***HUGH B. CAVE***

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

John didn't mean to start a riot. It was just that little Lupita had the face of an angel . . .

It began quite literally by accident. No one ever said the accident was John Crosson's fault. Actually it wasn't. He was driving to San Marlo City from his road-building job at Boniato, a dozen miles outside the town, to take Pamela Medwick dancing at the club. There was a drizzle, and the streets in that part of the capital are narrow, and the little girl darted from an almost invisible alleyway between two far-apart street lamps.

John slammed on the brakes and threw the wheel hard over, but it was impossible to miss her. The miracle was that he was quick enough to avoid running over her. The little girl bounced off the front bumpers and rolled into the gutter.

Before the echoes of her scream were swallowed up by the dark doorways, John was out of his car, bending over her. He thought he had killed her until her eyes opened and she whimpered. Then he breathed again.

He stood up trembling, with the little girl limp in his arms. The residents of the district, oozing like a spectral jury from doorways and alleys, crowded around him and waited in

A mountain of a woman opened the door and beamed at them. "I've brought the little girl home," said John

menacing silence for him to do something. Foreigners in San Marlo were exceedingly unpopular at this time, thanks to the violently nationalist election speeches of President Miguel Fuentes.

John looked down at his burden and saw that she was about five years old, with a face pretty as an angel's under layers of grime, and clad only in a thin black rag of dress. "Where is her mother?" he asked.

"She has no mother," someone said.

"Her father, then!"

"She has no father."

"You!" He reached out and grabbed an arm. "Come with me to the hospital, *amigo*. I'll pay you. They'll want to know who she is."

The chosen one scowled, but walked to the car and opened the door. John laid the child in his arms and headed for the hospital.

When she had been taken into Casualty Reception, John went to the desk and spoke to the nurse there. "I'm John Crosson, in charge of the road work at Boniato. The little girl is to have the best care you can provide. I'll pay the bill. And this man here knows who she is. He'll give you any information you need."

The nurse gazed at him indifferently and shrugged. "*Si, señor.*"

The child's name was Lupita Robles, her address, Calle Rosa 10. The woman wrote the information on a card, copied it on a slip of paper and handed the paper to John.

"This must be reported to the police, *señor*."

"I know. I'll go there when I've talked to the doctor."

"It would be better to go at once."

"When I've seen the doctor," John repeated firmly, and went back to the corridor. For half an hour he paced the floor. Then a door opened and a man in a soiled smock came out.

"It is not serious, *señor*. Only some broken ribs." He lit a cigarette.

"How many broken ribs?"

"Two."

"And she will recover? With no ill effects?"

"With no ill effects."

"Thank God!" John suddenly realized he was weak-kneed and shaking. "Take good care of her, doctor. I'll come tomorrow."

He drove to the big new police station across from the president's flag-plastered palace. A four-foot-high portrait of President Fuentes himself hung on the wall behind the lieutenant's desk. The lieutenant played with a paperweight and never stopped frowning at the slip of paper from the hospital while listening to John's story. He was noted, this young lieutenant, for his ambition and nimble mind.

"Wait, please." He got up and went away. In ten minutes he returned. "Colonel Estrada wishes to see you. Come with me."

John followed him down a corridor into a large mahogany room containing a mahogany desk, two chairs, and one small, needle-eyed, mahogany-faced official. Colonel Paco Estrada, the president's right-hand man, had no more love for foreigners than Fuentes had, but at the moment he was smiling.

"You have had some trouble, no? Tell me about it, Señor Crosson." He waved John to a chair.

John, arms folded, stayed on his feet. "I hit the child whose name you see there on the paper. It was not my fault; she ran into my car. Nevertheless, I hit her and she is in hospital."

The little man idly rubbed his nose with a pencil. "How do I know you were not speeding, *señor*?"

"You don't. Nor do you know I was. The street was empty. There were no witnesses."

"Unfortunate!" Estrada studied the paper again. "You will be required to pay the child's expenses, of course."

"I've arranged to."

"You will also visit her at the hospital daily until she is discharged, and then at her home until she is fully recovered. Without fail, *señor*. That is an order."

JOHN studied the man's pointed face and was puzzled to discover a smirk pulling at the official frown. "An odd sort of order, isn't it?"

"A new ruling. Be advised not to take it lightly. . . . That will be all, *señor*."

John turned away.

"Your paper, Señor Crosson!" Estrada held it out to him. "You will need the name and address, no?"

The smirk was a lip-curling grin, and a chuckle followed John down the corridor. For some reason Colonel Paco Estrada, notorious for his joylessness, was in a good humour this evening.

On the police station steps John looked at his watch. It was after nine. His shirt was soaked with perspiration and stained with mud from little Lupita's rag of a dress, and he badly wanted a cup of coffee for his nerves; but he was already late. He drove across the town to the deep streets of the residential section where the home of Charles Medwick, the British Consul, was a block of pink stucco in an acre of croton and hibiscus.

The houseboy said at the door: "Miss Medwick has gone to the club with her father, sir. She wishes you to follow."

John trudged down the steps again.

He found the club thronged with dancers and Pamela Medwick in the arms of young McPhillips of the consulate staff. Her father was at the bar.

"Sorry to be late, sir," John apologized. "Had an accident."

"An accident?" These were trying times in San Marlo and the strained face of the British Consul showed it. "You're not in trouble?"

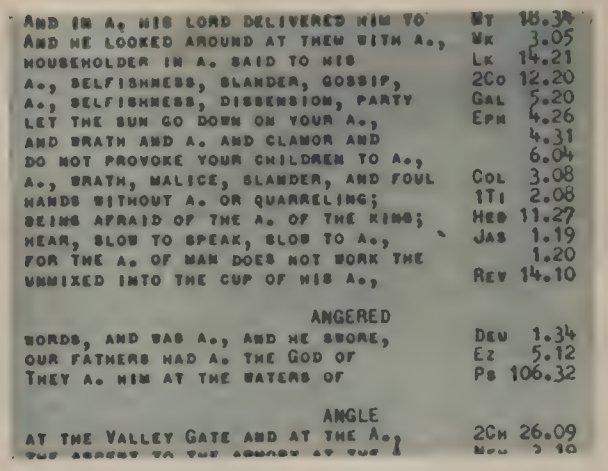
"I don't think so." John beckoned for a drink and leaned against the bar to tell his story. "She's a pretty little imp," he concluded, shaking his head in sorrow. "I'll make it up to her somehow."

"I must say I don't quite understand the

Continued on page 26

John had opened the car door before he saw the girl standing beside him. "What are you doing here?" he asked

It took five months to transfer the 800,000 words of the Bible on to magnetic tape so that Univac could read it. A big problem was to ensure that the robot recorded easily understood quotations


AND IN A. HIS LORD DELIVERED HIM TO MT 18.34
AND HE LOOKED AROUND AT THEM WITH A., MK 3.05
HOUSEHOLDER IN A. SAID TO HIS LK 14.21
A., SELFISHNESS, SLANDER, GOSSIP, 2CO 12.20
A., SELFISHNESS, DISSENSION, PARTY GAL 5.20
LET THE SUN GO DOWN ON YOUR A., EPH 4.26
AND WRATH AND A. AND CLAMOR AND 4.31
DO NOT PROVOKE YOUR CHILDREN TO A., 6.04
A., WRATH, MALICE, SLANDER, AND FOUL COL 3.08
HANDS WITHOUT A. OR QUARRELING; 1TI 2.08
BEING AFRAID OF THE A. OF THE KING; HEB 11.27
HEAR, SLOW TO SPEAK, SLOW TO A., JAS 1.19
FOR THE A. OF MAN DOES NOT WORK THE 1.20
UNMIXED INTO THE CUP OF HIS A., REV 14.10
ANGERED
WORDS, AND WAS A., AND HE SWORE, DEU 1.34
OUR FATHERS HAD A. THE GOD OF EZ 5.12
THEY A. HIM AT THE WATERS OF PS 106.32
ANGLE
AT THE VALLEY GATE AND AT THE A., 2CH 26.09

The robot that read the Bible

John Ellison had the idea of indexing the Bible by machine. With its two million parts Univac completed the task in weeks, not years

by GARDNER SOULE

Two years ago, the Reverend John W. Ellison was using an electronic computer to make some calculations at Harvard University when the thought occurred to him that such a computer could compile a new concordance to the Bible. Ellison was at Harvard preparing his thesis for a doctor's degree at the Divinity School, but he gave up work for a day and a half to write a long letter to the Remington Rand company, makers of the computers, setting out his idea.

Under Ellison's guidance, a test concordance of two books of the New Testament, the Gospel according to St. Mark and the Epistle to the Romans, was made. When this proved satisfactory, the work of indexing the entire Bible was begun. The result, a fat volume of 1,900 pages, the Concordance To The Revised Standard Version Of The Holy Bible, will be published in Britain this spring.

A concordance is an alphabetical index which lists each key word in a book and tells where it can be found. With each word, it prints the phrase or sentence in which the word occurs. The last previous complete concordance to a Protestant Bible was that compiled by James Strong and published in 1894. But whereas Strong took thirty years to prepare an index for the Authorized Version, Remington Rand's largest electronic computer, Univac, completed the new index in 1,300 hours.

The first step was to prepare the Bible so that Univac could read it. For all its two million parts, the electronic computer is not a giant brain. It is a moron which works at the speed of light, doing exactly what it is told, no more and no less. It can read only one thing: metal magnetic tape.

But even Univac's ability to read tape is limited. It can read only two figures: 0 and 1. Therefore, the Bible had to appear on the tape as a series of 0's and 1's, with different combinations of these two figures standing for each letter and punctuation mark.

Preparing the tape was a typing job. Five girls, working in turns, hammered away on special typewriters. It took them five months to transfer the approximately 800,000 words of the Bible on to four rolls of tape.

Since Univac, the moron, has no way of correcting a typing mistake, another set of tapes containing the Bible was made for checking. In this operation ten girls typed the Bible on to punched cards. These were fed into a machine called the card-to-tape converter, which transferred the contents of the Bible to four rolls of tape.

Now Univac itself went to work for the first time. Both sets of tapes were fed into it and Univac compared the two for discrepancies. This took five hours. The mistakes were corrected and a single, accurate set of four tapes containing the Bible resulted.

The next thing needed was a list of all the words in the Bible, giving each word and its location—book, chapter, verse, line and place of word in line. A set of instructions was drawn up to tell Univac how to prepare this list. This was put on to magnetic tape and fed into Univac's "memory."

The memory consists of a series of channels, analogous to arteries and veins, with mercury circulating in each channel. Electronic pulses flowing through the mercury, like a human pulse, carry the instructions. The pulses in each channel tell Univac what to do with a particular combination of 0's and 1's.

Back into Univac went the four corrected rolls of tape containing the Bible. Out flowed the list of words and the information about each. This took fifty hours, and filled sixty-three rolls of tape.

But there are many words in the Bible which no one would ever want to look up—words such as "a," "the" and "is." Under Ellison's direction, it was worked out that there are 131 such words in the Bible, though actually making up nearly sixty per cent of its contents.

New instructions were prepared to tell Univac how to throw out the words not needed, and put the others into a new list. In fifteen hours, out came twenty-six tapes containing all the important words. There were now two sets of tapes: the first, with four reels, containing an accurate Bible; the second, with twenty-six reels, containing all the key words, plus their locations.

Now came the most complicated problem of all: how to tell Univac to list the exact quotation in which each key word occurs. All concordances of the past were made by Biblical scholars able to tell from years of study how much of a sentence or phrase must be included to enable the quotation to be recognized. Univac now had to do a job which had always required human judgment.

There were 1,800 separate orders to be fed into Univac's memory. In effect, they told Univac to read the Bible until it came to a key word. Then it was to pause and read backwards until it came to a stop, then read ahead, past the key word, until it came to another stop. It was to put down the complete phrase from the stop before to the stop after the key word.

If the key word was the first in a sentence, Univac, reading backwards, would immediately come to a stop, and halt. It would then read forward, and record the key word and its following words. If the key word was the last in a sentence, Univac, reading ahead, would pause at the full stop immediately after it, and then read backwards. If, on the other hand, the key word was in the middle of a sentence Univac would record the words on each side of it.

When the instructions had been fed into Univac's memory, the key word tapes and Bible tapes went back into the machine and out flowed twenty-six new tapes containing the key words, their locations, and the sentences or phrases around them.

The entries were not yet in alphabetical order but the job was plain sailing now. It needed only two more routine operations for the machine to put them in order. Then, after editing, the tapes were fed into automatic typewriters which reproduce in English what Univac has recorded in figures. Although this took one thousand hours, the concordance was ready for printing twenty-three years sooner than Biblical scholars could have prepared it. THE END

The jarvey was obviously a fellow with a ripe and subtle intelligence—despite the whiskey. He lay doggo for a long, convincing time,

A Salesman's Romance

by FRANK O'CONNOR

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

What a talker Charlie was! Even the lawyers were tongue-tied by him. Everybody was—except Celia

My friend Charlie Ford was a commercial traveller in the office equipment business, and one of the nicest commercials I have known. Charlie had only one drawback, from my point of view, which was that he could never resist trying to sell me things, just for practice.

Charlie, for instance, was from Connemara, and wild horses wouldn't have dragged him back to it, but I couldn't mention Connemara over a drink without Charlie's trying to sell it to me, and the tears would come to his eyes and a catch would come in his voice, and the Mother Machrees and the evening rosaries would get so colourful that nothing but blasphemy would put a stop to them.

All the same, Charlie liked me. I was a sort of laboratory for his sales technique, and when he succeeded in selling me anything, like a new film or a funny story, it set him up for a week.

He had little difficulty in selling himself to Celia Halligan. Celia was a handsome girl with a tart and amusing tongue and an attitude of cynical but good-humoured contempt for men that seems to me particularly Irish, but even she could not resist the coloured enlargement of herself that Charlie presented to her in a handsome gilt frame, and she did her best to act up to the image.

But one evening the two of them were motoring back from a pub outside Rathfarnham, cruising gently down the mountainside and admiring the toylike whitewashed cottages above them and the valley of the city far below, with the lamplit prow of Howth thrusting out into Dublin Bay, when all at once, as they turned a corner, there was a jaunting-car ahead of them on the wrong side of the road.

Now Charlie was a first-rate driver and boasted that he had been driving for fifteen years without an accident, and he didn't run the car into the ditch, or try to pass on the outside. Instead, he put his brakes on hard and ran the bonnet of his car under the rear of the jaunting-car without doing any more damage than to raise the driver and pitch him gently forward on to the back of his old horse.

The bump was so slight that the driver's bowler hat still remained on his head, and the horse, who had the sense of responsibility required by the situation, stopped dead, with the jarvey plastered affectionately across his back.

Then presence of mind came to the jarvey's assistance; he judged the road and the steadiness of the horse and the intentions of the driver behind him, and slid gently to the ground. It was as neat a bit of work as Charlie had seen in years. By the time Charlie reached him, he was becoming unconscious so convincingly that it deceived even Celia.

"Is that fellow dead, Cha?" she asked anxiously.

"No, dear, only stunned," Charlie replied thoughtfully; but it was he who felt stunned. He knew he had a ripe and subtle intelligence to deal with. Then he cursed softly, because he heard two cyclists coming up the hill, pushing their bikes and talking.

The jarvey heard them, too, and lay doggo

nd then slowly came round. "Where am I?" he asked feebly. Charlie couldn't resist that. "In the presence of witnesses," he retorted

till the proper questions had been asked. Then he opened his red-rimmed eyes and asked feebly: "Where am I?"

"In the presence of witnesses," retorted Charlie, who couldn't resist it.

The driver, a small man with a thin, mournful face that had the blue glaze of the confirmed alcoholic over it, looked at him reproachfully. Charlie could smell the whiskey off him from the side of the road.

When they found a farm labourer to look after the horse and car, the jarvey, whose name was Clarke, permitted himself to be driven to hospital, where an over-conscientious medical student decided to detain him for the night, and Charlie went off to report the accident to the police, with a sour satisfaction at the thought of the presence of mind that enabled a boozy little man like that to seize on a moment's opportunity and turn it into a career.

And a career it looked like becoming. The solicitor for the insurance company, an old friend of Charlie's named Cronin, agreed to fight the case instead of settling out of court, but this was mainly on Charlie's account, for Charlie felt about his driving as good women feel about their virtue.

You could call Charlie a sex fiend and he only smiled; you could call him a swindler and he positively chortled; but suggest that he hadn't taken proper precautions at a corner, and you were in danger of losing a friend.

As the weeks went by, the jarvey's case grew like a masterpiece in the artist's mind. After months, he was still in bed, for, according to him, he got reelings when he rose.

"Ah, it's the girl," said Cronin.

"What has she to do with it?" asked Charlie in alarm.

"You'll soon see when they ask you what you were doing with her in the car," said Cronin.

"But that's scandalous," Charlie said. "I'm not the man to do that sort of thing when I'm driving a car."

"You're not like hell!" said Cronin, leaving Charlie uncertain whether to take it as a compliment or an insult.

Altogether, it was a shocking experience for Charlie. He was a man of eager temperament—not the sort who can bear to have something hanging over him; and he had the illusion, common to eager men, that he could speed things up by calling regularly on his solicitor, whose office was in a little lane off Dame Street—a sunless hole where Charlie could not imagine anyone as prosperous as Cronin choosing to work.

He usually had to wait for half an hour in the outer office with the secretaries, who were as unattractive as the office, and he passed the time by trying in vain to sell them his version of the accident. Finally, when he was admitted and burst into a long tirade, Cronin listened to him with the same cynical pitying expression he always seemed to wear.

Charlie, as I say, could not stop trying to sell you things, and again he tried to sell Cronin the scandalous story of the drunken jarvey, and the idea that he should bring a counter-suit for damages against the jarvey or one for blackmail against the jarvey's lawyers, but he couldn't even work Cronin up to the point of telling the jarvey's solicitors that their client had been drunk.

"You don't understand these things, Charlie," Cronin said wearily. "Linnane isn't going to do anything like that." Linnane, an associate of Cronin, was the counsel who would represent Charlie in court. "Judges are trickier than the devil. You're a fine-looking, well-dressed man, and, by your own account, this fellow is a shrimp. Now, what happens if you get a shrimp of a judge is that he'll decide that the poor shrimp in the box ought to get provision for life from the insurance company, which can damn well afford it. The less we say about booze the better."

By the time the case came up for hearing, Charlie was feeling like a wreck. He hadn't slept for two nights, going carefully over all the points on which the other side might try to trap him, and all the sins of his past life that they might resurrect against him, and he went to court with Celia, looking like death, and saying in a dull voice that he didn't know if he'd ever be able to drive again after this. It would hang over him for the rest of his days, and it was blackmail, and everyone knew it was blackmail, but the state permitted it and the lawyers encouraged it.

Celia said nothing at all. She was going to a dance that night with another fellow. She had asked Charlie to take her, and he had refused. He thought it heartless of her, considering that he was a man with no future. And there in the courtroom, at the other end of the seat from him, was the man who had blasted his career, looking sick and resigned, his bowler hat beside him.

They listened to the first case, and Charlie's depression grew, because he didn't understand a word of it. The judge was an oldish man who seemed to be deaf and irritated with everybody.

When the case of Clarke v. Ford was called, a lawyer named Michael Dunn rose for the jarvey. He was a fellow Charlie knew well—a tall, sour-looking man with a neat black moustache and great dark glasses like goggles. When he rose, he took off the glasses and gestured with them to the judge. Dunn was an old friend of Celia's family, and you might have thought this would make him discreet in the things he said about Charlie's driving, but it didn't.

The jarvey was called, and went slowly up the courtroom, looking as though he might drop dead at any moment. He answered questions in

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Shipton, at 25,000 feet, during the Everest climb of 1933. "I felt as if I had just got out of bed after a sovere illness," he says. On the 1953 expedition Dr. Pugh (right) made tests which helped to beat high-altitude weariness

Struggle for dear life

by ERIC SHIPTON

With courage, man can face appalling danger. But how long can he survive against hunger, cold and thirst?

ON May 23 last year, Sergeant Ken McConnell, on a solo flight from Ipoh to Kuala Lumpur, crashed in the Malayan jungle. He was unconscious for ten hours and awoke to find one ankle broken, the other badly sprained, one eye damaged and his ribs so severely bruised that breathing was very painful. He had with him emergency rations for two and a half days. Twenty yards away there was a stream, but it cost him two hours' hard struggle to fetch water from it.

For three days he waited by his wrecked plane, hoping to be spotted by rescue aircraft. Then, realizing that there was little chance of this, he set out to crawl through the jungle. He had eked out his small supply of food, but by now he had only a packet of biscuits, a small tin of sweets and half a tin of meat. Three days later all his food was gone.

He was in constant pain from his injuries and weak from hunger. He must have known that his chances of survival were very slight and diminishing daily. But he never lost hope.

Fifteen days after his food was finished, he met two natives who helped him back to civilization, where he found that he had been given up for dead. His survival was a striking example of a man keeping himself alive against appalling odds by sheer courage and determination.

Many people have, of course, survived longer periods without food, but few have done so in such unpromising circumstances. How long man can live without food is a question to which there is no direct answer. In spite of the vast mass of human experience of hunger the question is not nearly so simple as it sounds, nor is there as much real evidence as might be supposed.

Throughout the ages, famine has been the spectre most dreaded by mankind. But in famine it rarely happens that people are suddenly left with no food at all. Starvation is almost always a gradual process, with food becoming scarcer and scarcer until the victims are living on incredibly little. And, even when all normal food is gone, they will eat roots and leather and all manner of filth from which they may, or may not, derive some nourishment.

A voluntary fast is probably the only form of starvation that would satisfy a scientist's requirement of a "controlled experiment"; but, as a rule, the subject does not persist long enough. An exception was Terence MacSwiney, Lord Mayor of Cork, who in 1920 died in Brixton Prison after a hunger strike lasting seventy-four days—though it has been suggested that in the final stages, possibly when he was unconscious, he was given some nourishment. Indian *sadhus* (holy men) have claimed to have gone without food for as long as eight months, but the validity of their claims remains unproved.

There have been many well-authenticated instances of people surviving total fasts of fifty days. Indeed, odd though it may seem, there are those who abstain from food for similar periods for the good of their health, though three weeks is more normal for fasts of this kind. It is claimed that many common ailments, such as rheumatism, can be cured in this way. Maurice Wilson, whose body we found on Everest in 1935, had such fanatical faith in the power of fasting to cure both bodily and spiritual ills that he set out to climb the mountain alone as a means of converting people to his belief.

Those who practise these therapeutic fasts say that the experience is by no means unpleasant; the craving for food subsides after about five days and is followed by a feeling of contentment and comparative well-being. How different from the ghastly suffering of the victims of famine and enforced semi-starvation! For them the craving remains an agonizing obsession which dominates the whole consciousness and brutalizes the sensibilities.

In estimating how long a man can survive without food there are very many factors to be taken into account, such as climate, the physique of the individual and the amount of physical energy he has to expend. But probably the most important of all, as well as the least calculable, is the question of morale.

Though I have occasionally been forced to live on a somewhat meagre ration, I have never personally been in the unpleasant situation of facing starvation. The nearest I came to it was in the Central Himalayas in August, 1934, when I crossed an unexplored pass with Bill Tilman and three Sherpas.

On the far side of the pass we had such difficulty in negotiating the steep glaciers which plunged six thousand feet down into a forested valley that we were very doubtful whether we could retrace our steps. This did not worry us for we expected to pick up, in a day or two, a track which would lead to some habitation where we would find food—we had none left.

WE soon found that the valley was much less hospitable than it had appeared. It was, in fact, a tremendous gorge. It was evident that we were in for a long, hard struggle.

On the second day we were halted by a sidestream, swollen by the incessant monsoon rains, and spent two days before we found a place where we could construct a bridge of tree trunks to cross it. Our lack of food had now introduced an element of urgency into the situation. We had no idea how long it would take us to reach habitation, nor did we know how long we could keep going without food, for progress demanded strenuous effort. We never succeeded in covering more than a mile in a day, and the rain was heavy and continuous, saturating our equipment and making our loads much heavier.

There was a great deal of bamboo growing on the less precipitous parts of the valleyside, and fortunately the young shoots were in season. Each evening for several days we managed to collect a potful of the small edible parts of these shoots. One evening, too, we found some fungus which the Sherpas recognized as edible. How much nourishment we derived from this vegetable diet, I do not know, but at least the psychological effect was excellent.

I spent a large part of each day thinking

The endurance of Ken McConnell amazed the world. After breaking an ankle he crawled through the Malayan jungle for eighteen days

about this frugal evening meal, and I remember the bitter disappointment of finding one day that the bamboo shoots were no longer available. However, the very next day, a little more than a week after entering the gorge, we found a track which led us to a tiny hamlet where we obtained four pounds of flour.

Though we were mightily relieved that our fast was over, our plight had been far from desperate. But the experience showed me how hard it might be to meet a real crisis—such as that faced by Sergeant McConnell—without giving way to panic and despair.

Lack of water is far more devastating than lack of food. Thirst can kill with terrible swiftness, often in as little as eighteen hours.

In recent years there has been a good deal of research into the effects of dehydration of the body, particularly in connection with fighting in the desert. During the war, American scientists carried out a long series of experiments on soldiers in the desert areas of California. These researches have revealed some curious facts, which seem to upset many of our old ideas. It has been shown, for example, that a man cannot train himself to do without water. With practice, he can, to some extent, minimize his suffering from thirst, but his body requires just as much water as that of an untrained man, and, in the long run, he can survive no longer without it.

The common belief that some people lose moisture more rapidly than others in the same conditions has also been shown to be false, at any rate so far as people of equal weight are concerned. It might be supposed, too, that a man who has been deprived of water for some time will sweat less than a man who has not. But we now know that the rate of sweating remains constant throughout the process of dehydration, at least until it has reached an extreme stage.

Another strange thing is that if a man has less water than he needs he may as well drink it all at once. There is apparently no advantage in eking it out, as the body will not use it more rapidly than it must.

Thirst, of course, is Nature's alarm signal which tells a man when he is in need of water. Unlike most of Nature's gadgets, however, it seems to be somewhat inefficient. It is very common, particularly in the desert, for men not to want as much water as they need. Their thirst is often satisfied long before the requirements of their bodies are met. This "voluntary dehydration" can have a seriously debilitating effect. A good example of this can be found in high-altitude mountaineering.

During the Everest expedition of 1933, Frank Smythe and I made three climbs up the north-east spur above the North Col at 23,000 feet. On the first occasion, when we had been on the Col only a few days, we felt strong and climbed at an average rate of one thousand feet an hour, which would have been quite good going had we been at sea level. The second time, after eight nights on the Col (mostly resting), we were much weaker and our pace was slower. On the third occasion, after twelve nights on the Col and two at Camp V (25,700 feet), I found climbing over the same ground a very hard struggle and felt as weak as though I had just got out of bed after a severe and prolonged illness. We used to call this "high-altitude deterioration."

I always regarded this peculiar malady as one of the principal obstacles to reaching the summit. The effect was a rapid loss of vitality. We became weaker and weaker, regardless of whether we were climbing or at rest, and when we returned to Base Camp after a few weeks at high altitude we were always in a very emaciated condition. We used to think that it was entirely due to lack of oxygen. But researches since then have shown that it was mostly a matter of simple dehydration and could have been greatly alleviated, if not wholly prevented, if only we had drunk enough.

In the final triumph over Everest, the physiologists played an important part. For many years, Sir Bryan Matthews had been working on the problem of living at high altitudes, and Dr. Griffith Pugh accompanied the expeditions of 1952 and 1953 to carry out experiments in the field. It was they who pointed out that the old bugbear of high-altitude deterioration was largely due to dehydration.

The atmosphere at high altitudes is very dry and, with the greatly increased rate of breathing due to lack of oxygen (we did not carry oxygen in those days), we had been losing a prodigious amount of moisture through the lungs. While climbing, we suffered a good deal from thirst, but, although it was a long and tiresome business to melt snow in our high camp, this was soon satisfied.

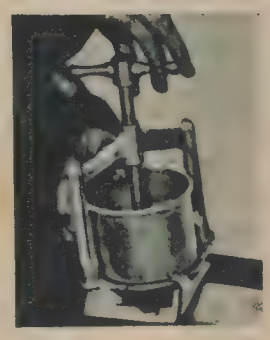
Had we but known it, our bodies were in desperate need of many times the quantity we had drunk.

The mechanism of "dehydration" is easy to understand. Like a motor, the body generates heat in the process of converting food into energy and, like a motor, it ceases to function properly when it becomes over-heated. Everyone knows that if a man's temperature rises by even a degree or two above 98.4 degrees Fahrenheit he becomes ill, and that if it rises by ten degrees he almost invariably dies.

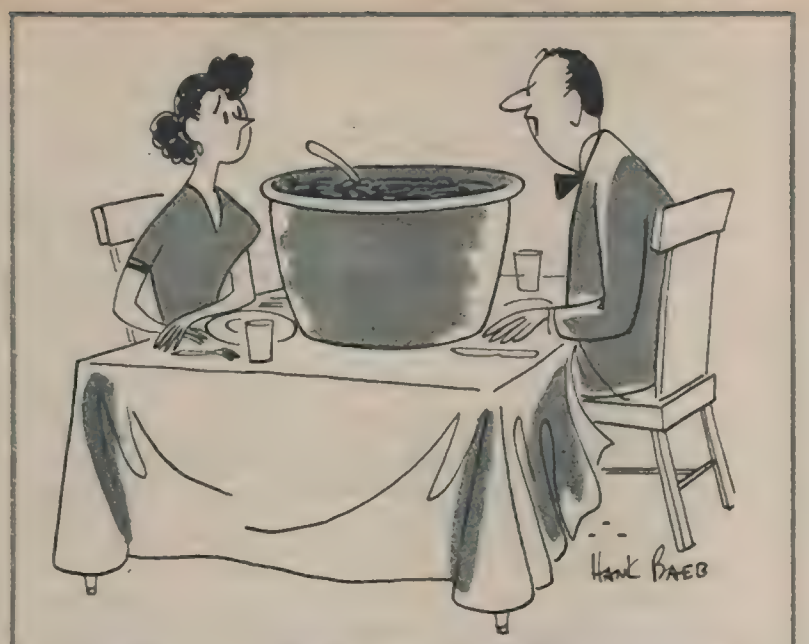
THE body gets rid of its surplus heat and maintains its delicate temperature balance by sweating, and so long as it is supplied with enough water this cooling system is remarkably efficient. For although the body can tolerate only such a small variation in its internal temperature, it can thrive in a very wide range of climates. Men can survive without difficulty in a temperature of 212 degrees Fahrenheit, or boiling point.

The first experiment to prove this was carried out as long ago as 1755, when Sir Charles Blagden, an Edinburgh doctor, who later became secretary of the Royal Society, was enclosed with some of his associates in a room which was heated to a temperature of 220 to 260 degrees.

The heat was dry and they remained in it for



Dr. Bombard plays with his daughter (above). On a raft trip he found that a man can drink up to one and a half pints of sea water a day without ill effects. With a squeezer (right) he got "fresh" water from sea fish



"I know it's my mother's recipe—but she had eight kids"

several hours quite cheerfully, even cooking eggs and a steak on the tin frame of the room. Nowadays, similar experiments are often carried out to demonstrate that people wearing ordinary clothing can live in temperatures of more than boiling point, provided that they can sweat freely and have plenty to drink.

More than half of the human body is water, and every bit of it is necessary to its well-being. All the moisture that is lost by sweating, in the breath, and by the excretion of urine must be replaced by drinking. If this is not done within a few hours, things begin to go wrong.

The symptoms are mild at first: thirst, a feeling of vague discomfort, sleepiness, nausea. These are followed by such manifestations as headache, dizziness, tingling in the limbs, indistinct speech and difficulty in walking. In the later stages come delirium, deafness, dim vision, swollen tongue and numbness as a prelude to complete physical collapse and death.

Roughly speaking, what is happening during this process is that as the blood loses its water-content it becomes increasingly viscous. This makes it more and more difficult for the heart to keep it in circulation, until eventually the whole mechanism seizes up.

People lose moisture, and therefore require water, more or less in proportion to their size. A thirteen-stone man will lose about thirty per cent more than a ten-stone man in the same circumstances. Anyone losing more than ten per cent of his original weight in moisture has reached an advanced stage of dehydration, and it is generally believed that no one can survive a loss of more than twenty per cent. How long it takes to lose these amounts depends mainly upon three conditions: temperature, atmospheric humidity, and the amount of physical effort expended.

In severe conditions moisture is lost at an astonishing rate. A man marching across a desert can lose nearly two kilograms (4.4 pounds) in an hour, and it is not at all unusual for a man of average size to lose twelve kilograms in a day. This means a moisture loss of about seventeen per cent of his body weight, which, if he had nothing to drink, would bring him near to death in twenty-four hours, even though he were well filled with water to start with. On the other hand, in a temperate climate, people can live for twelve days without water, provided that the air is not very dry and they remain fairly inactive.

Death from lack of drinking water has always been one of the major hazards of the sea, and, in the days of sail, ships were often becalmed for such long periods that supplies of fresh water ran short or became putrid. Nowadays the ordeal of thirst at sea is virtually confined to castaways.

But the castaway, even if he is short of water, is in comparatively favourable conditions for survival. He is rarely called upon to exert much physical effort, and if he is in the tropics the atmosphere above sea is very humid, which greatly retards dehydration. Also, he can check loss of moisture from his body by keeping his clothes wet with sea water. It has been estimated that this can nearly double the time that he can live without drinking.

Until recently it had always been thought that to drink sea water was not only of no benefit to a victim of thirst but that it was highly dangerous because it caused acute inflammation of the kidneys—a complaint which is usually fatal.

Dr. Alain Bombard, however, has discovered, and demonstrated, that a man can drink up to one and a half pints of sea water a day without serious harm being done, and that the fluid can be absorbed into the system with as much benefit as fresh water—though this would not apply to anyone who has already reached a state of serious dehydration.

During his recent survival experiment, in which he crossed the Atlantic alone on a raft, living off the sea, Dr. Bombard devised an ingenious method of obtaining additional drinking water. He noticed the curious fact that the flesh of sea fish contains less salt than is found in ordinary meat. And as the flesh of most fish is about seventy-five per cent water, a man's daily requirement of "fresh" water could be squeezed out of a ten-pound mullet.

In fact, the situation of the castaway, even if he is short of food or water or both, is now known to be less desperate than it was once thought to be. But here, as in all issues of survival, whether from illness, extreme fatigue, cold, thirst or hunger, morale plays a decisive part. Considering the astonishing powers of endurance so often shown by ordinary men and women in the face of crushing hardship and want, it is remarkable how quickly people can succumb to comparatively mild stresses once they have given way to panic and despair. Evidence of this can be found in many stories of disaster at sea.

THE castaway is likely to be stunned by the shocking impact of sudden calamity. With overwhelming abruptness his position of security, comfort and plenty is transformed into one of danger, hardship and want. All the elements of panic and hysteria are present, and he is liable to fall an easy victim to what Dr. Bombard calls "the greatest killer of them all—despair."

There is the classic case of the ship Medusa, wrecked a hundred miles off the African coast in 1816. One hundred and fifty survivors found sanctuary on a raft. They were provided with six barrels of wine and two of water, but with very little food. Morale sank rapidly. There was continuous and violent quarrelling and cases both of murder and of suicide. Their ordeal lasted twelve days in conditions not especially severe. But by the end of that time only fifteen of the original number were left alive, and of these ten died shortly after rescue.

In contrast, there have been many cases of prodigious endurance displayed by victims of shipwreck. People have survived on rafts and in open boats for two or three months. All the same, it has been estimated that nine out of every ten castaways from shipwrecks die within three days.

A number of these, of course, perish from exposure. But it seems that a large proportion succumb to what may be called "panic starvation." Probably many of them could have survived if, like Sergeant McConnell in the Malayan jungle, they had refused to give up hope. THE END

The stolen boy

Continued from page 9

couldn't be in better hands. You know his father too: Robert Smead—partner in Janes and Smead, the estate agents. Smead lives on the city side of the park, but Jack'll bring Ben right across here himself, as he always does."

The clock ticked ponderously on, struck nine. Litmore switched on the radio to hear the news. He left it on for the whole fifteen minutes, hoping it would provide some distraction.

"Herbert, it's a quarter past nine," his wife said. "Surely Ben ought to be home by now?"

Litmore said: "No, my dear. I think not. It is generally nearer half past before he gets back, and if there is an exciting fight they would wait for it to end."

The clock ticked on and Litmore could feel the vibration of his wife's nerves. They began to convey their message to him. *Half past nine; it was later than usual . . . no doubt the boys had been kept talking. . . .*

He rose to his feet. "I'll just go and give Robert Smead a ring. Perhaps they looked in there for a biscuit or something."

Agnes looked anxiously at her husband. She realized that he too was worried now. She said nothing, but her fingers played nervously with a fold of her heavy silk dress.

Herbert Litmore walked slowly downstairs, and a minute later he was dialling a number on the telephone in his study. He said: "That you, Smead? The boys are a bit late back tonight aren't they? You don't know anything about them, do you?"

Clearly, as if it were in the room with him, he heard Robert Smead's rather high-pitched voice. "Late back? Jack's been in ten minutes or more. Hasn't Ben reached you? Someone gave them a lift."

"A lift? Who? Ben isn't back."

"Good Lord—isn't he? I don't know who it was. Jack said the man said he knew you and would take Ben straight on. They didn't ask his name."

Litmore felt cold fear close on his heart. When first his wife's nervousness conveyed itself to him he had not thought of . . . this. But now he knew.

"Hold on a moment, Smead, will you?" he said quickly. "I must think. Ben isn't back."

"Oh, my dear fellow, I'm so . . . shall I bring Jack round?"

Litmore was only half listening. He said: "No, no, but . . . keep him up, will you? I'll be with you in a few minutes. I may have to ask you to bring him to see someone with me."

He replaced the receiver, not wanting to say anything more, to answer any questions. He was quite calm now. He knew what must be done and who must do it. Picking up the receiver again, he dialled another number and was lucky enough to find the chief constable at home.

"Richard? Herbert Litmore here. Something pretty serious has happened. I can't tell you over the phone, but I must tell you at once. May I . . . some action will be needed; may I come straight to you at Headquarters?"

The chief constable replied quietly that he would go down to Headquarters at once.

Herbert knew that his wife would be in an agony of nerves. He telephoned his elder daughter, Margaret Soane, who was married to a doctor, and told her to come at once.

Then he walked upstairs and told Agnes as matter-of-factly as he could that he feared there was a possibility that Ben had been kidnapped; it was just a question of money—and perhaps a few days' waiting, which would naturally be anxious. He was going straight round now to discuss it with the chief constable. . . .

LITMORE picked up Robert Smead and his son at their home. Faidlaw was already in his office when all three of them arrived.

Litmore said at once: "My boy Ben and Jack Smead here were at the boxing this evening—the competition that your men run at the youth club gymnasium, Chief Constable. Ben has not come home. Now Jack, tell us what happened. Keep cool and don't think that anyone is trying to blame you."

The boy took a deep breath, looked at his father, and then launched out into his story.

"Well, it was the same as usual, really—up to a point. We watched the boxing, Ben and I, and we came away at nine o'clock. That's the time Dad always tells me I'm to leave."

The chief constable nodded. "Go ahead."

"It was raining a bit when we came out, but not much. We hurried rather. There are no buses, the way we go, and there weren't many people about once we'd got out of Lord Street. In that long avenue—West Way, or something—a car came up behind us and a man put his head out of the window and asked if we'd like a lift.

"Of course, I wouldn't have, in the ordinary way, only he said: 'You're Mr. Smead's boy, aren't you? I've seen you at the boxing,' or something like that. Well, it was raining and Ben nudged me and said: 'Mum won't like me getting wet,' so we hopped in and he drove us home."

"To your home, Jack?"

"Yes. He seemed to know the way."

"And then you got out?"

"Yes. I said I generally took Ben along to his own home, but this chap said not to worry about that, he knew Ben's father, too, and would take Ben right in."

The chief constable looked across at Litmore, who shook his head. Faidlaw flicked a switch on his internal telephone.

"Duty Sergeant? Get hold of Superintendent Jonnison, please, and Detective-Superintendent Dale. Find them wherever they are and get them here." He switched off. "Did this gentleman who gave you a lift tell you his name, Jack?"

The boy stared, shook his head. His father gave an exclamation of impatience, but Faidlaw checked him.

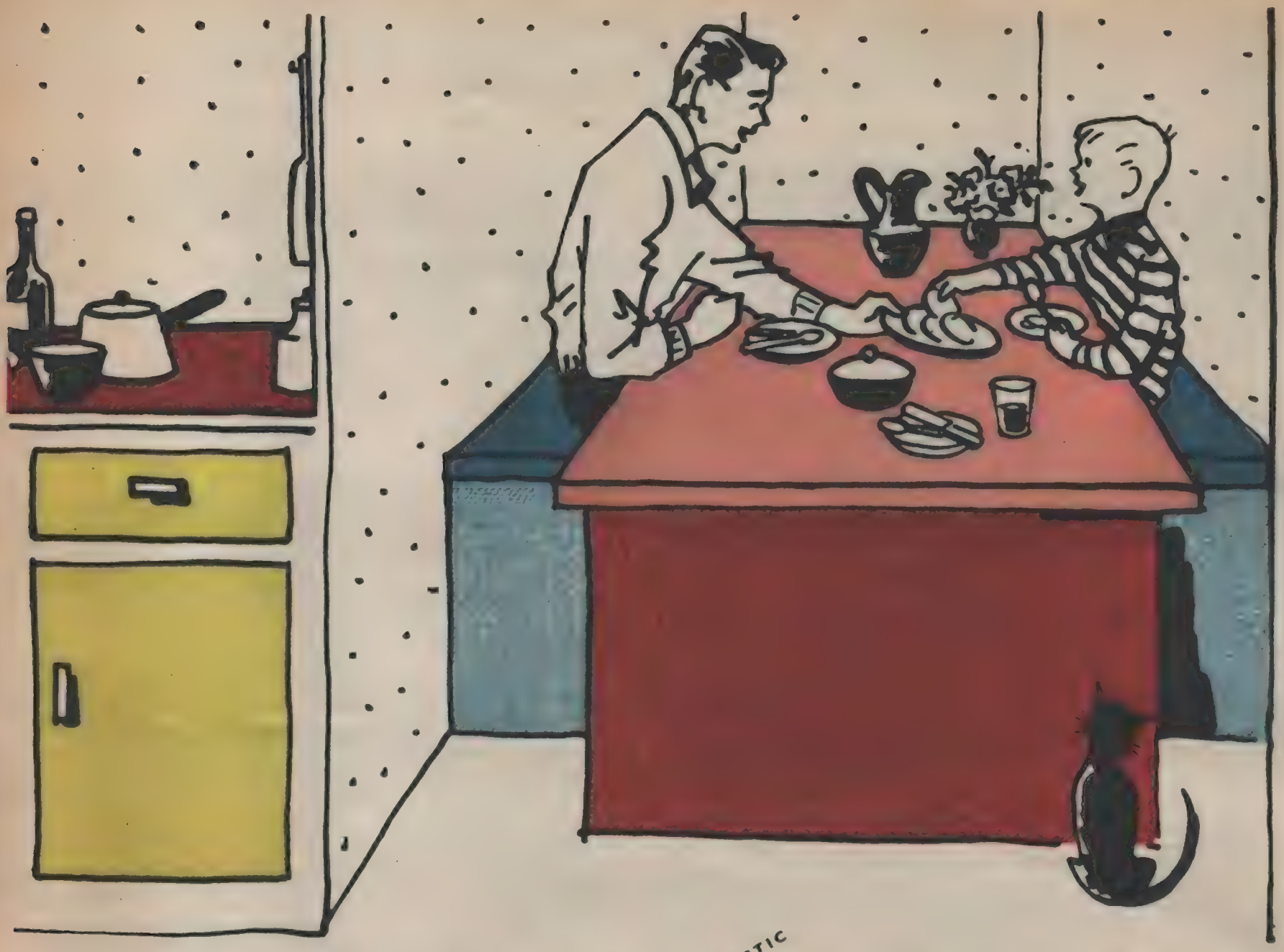
"Did you notice what he looked like? What sort of age? Clothes? That sort of thing?"

Jack, looking miserable, again glanced at his father. "Not very much, I didn't," he stammered. "He was just a chap."

"Surely you noticed more about him than that," broke in Smead angrily.

Again the chief constable checked him. "Don't let us worry Jack too much," he said. "This isn't really my job, this asking questions. Superintendent Dale is the man for that; you'll like him, Jack; he's a boxer himself."

For a minute or two he talked quietly with Litmore, but neither man mentioned the letter that was at the



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back of both their minds. After about five minutes there was a knock at the door and Detective-Superintendent Dale came in.

"Any sign of Mr. Jonnison?" the chief constable asked.

"I understand that Sergeant Hupple has not been able to contact him yet, sir," Dale said. "He left word at his station that he would be at a whist drive, but he's not there—been called away, I understand, sir."

Again Faidlaw spoke on the internal telephone. "If you can't find Superintendent Jonnison, get Inspector Lattery."

The chief constable realized that nothing useful would be got out of Jack Smead in the presence of his father, so he gave Superintendent Dale a short outline of what he knew and told him to take the boy along to his own room and give him a cup of cocoa "while we grown-ups talk." Dale would take up the cue all right.

Dale certainly did. He brewed two cups of cocoa, pulled a tin of biscuits out of his "exhibits" cupboard, and began to chat. Gradually he worked the worry out of the boy's eyes. Then he said: "About this car. It came up behind you, were you on the off-side pavement or the near-side?"

"The near-side."

"So the chap had to lean right across from his seat—right-hand drive, I suppose?—to speak to you?"

Jack nodded.

"Now, this chap himself; what was he like?"

Jack said: "A . . . fairly big chap, I think; at least, thick. He didn't get out of the car, so I don't know if he was tall. I didn't see his hair—oh, he had a moustache—I nearly forgot; a big handlebar one."

Superintendent Dale sighed. "False, I'm afraid. What did he talk like? Like your father? Or like, say, a docker?"

Jack frowned. "That's difficult. Not like my father. Rather thick . . . muffled, you know."

"I'm afraid I do," said Dale. "Pads in his cheeks, probably. But . . . educated or uneducated?"

Jack shook his head despairingly.

Dale laughed. "Never mind. Now just one or two questions about the car. You didn't notice the number? Of course not; why should you? Or the make?"

"A Morris, I think. Or an Austin. Rather an old-fashioned one."

"Where were you sitting—in the back?"

"No, he told us both to get in front. Said he'd got glass in the back, but I only saw some old newspapers."

Dale's eyes narrowed. He said: "So Ben was sitting beside him when he drove away. Jack, did you *smell* anything in the car?"

Jack stared. "Smell? Oh . . . why yes. There was a smell of . . . I think it was whisky. . . ."

You are wanted at police headquarters. 10.5 p.m.

It was in fact nearly half-past twelve when Superintendent Jonnison got there, and the chief constable had gone home. Dale, the C.I.D. superintendent, told him what he knew.

Jonnison felt acutely that all this was his responsibility. The family were his "parishioners," and the actual kidnapping—if that was what it really was—had occurred just within the boundaries of his division.

It was more than he could do to go to bed without having a glance at the Litmore home. He drove round Clitton Park and, leaving his car in a by-street, walked down the road which bordered the park and on to which the Litmore house faced.

As he passed the first of the two drive gates he saw to his surprise that a car was standing outside the front door. Even as he looked, it moved towards him. It was a car of modest size, dark and apparently not very new. A man was driving it.

Coming out of the gate, the driver saw the superintendent and, stopping the car dead, leaned out of the window and stared at him. He said: "Who the hell are . . . ? Oh, it's you, Jonnison."

It was Norris Shefton, the stockbroker who had married Litmore's younger daughter, Helen. Jonnison knew him quite well, through the Yacht Club.

Jonnison raised his hat. He said: "I've only just got back, sir, and heard about it. No fresh news, I suppose?"

Shefton shook his head. "Not a word. Most extraordinary thing. Might be in Chicago. I've just brought my wife over to be with Mrs. Litmore. The elder daughter, Mrs. Soane, was here already, but my wife thought she ought to relieve her . . . and now, dammit, if they haven't both decided to stay here."

He paused. "I missed the excitement; I was at the dog stadium. My wife was dragged out from a whist drive at the Yacht Club—by the way, Jonnison, you were supposed to be there, weren't you? She said they were telephoning for you, and your wife said you had gone off somewhere in your car."

For some reason Jonnison felt a prickle of irritation. "I had a message that my brother had had an accident and was in Newcastle Hospital," he said, "but when I got there I found that it was a mistake; he wasn't in hospital at all."

"Someone pulling your——" Shefton stopped, staring at Jonnison. Even in the dim light of scattered street lamps, he could see the black rings under the superintendent's eyes, the look of exhaustion on his face. He went on slowly: "Someone wanted you out of the way, could it be?"

"I wasn't in the way—at a whist drive."

Shefton shrugged his shoulders. "Well, I'm not going to waste my beauty sleep over Master Ben. I'll leave that to the women—and old Herbert. After all, he can well afford to pay up."

He drove off. Jonnison noticed that he was not in the red M.G. that he usually drove. His wife's car, probably.

Slowly Jonnison walked back to his own car. Why he had come to look at Litmore's place he could not really think. Some instinct; perhaps he was too tired to think clearly.

When he got home for the third time that evening, he could hardly drag himself upstairs. He pulled off his clothes, dropping them anywhere on the floor. Tumbling into bed, he fell asleep. . . .

He was still asleep at eight o'clock the next morning, at which hour the postman had delivered the early mail. Herbert Litmore had been watching for the delivery, but schooled himself to wait in the hall until the letters were dropped into the box.

There was no doubt which it was—a common envelope with the address written in untidy capitals. And the message inside was clear enough:

BOY IS ALL RIGHT BUT WON'T BE IF YOU GO TO POLICE. GET FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS IN OLD POUND NOTES AND FIVE THOUSAND IN OLD FIVERS. WAIT ORDERS.

At the conference at the police headquarters that morning it was at once realized that there was no possibility of avoiding publicity about the abduction; too many people already knew about it.

Once the point about publicity was realized, Faidlaw expressed his desire to make the fullest possible use of it—to tell what had happened, describe car and driver and appeal to the public for their help.

But at once he found himself up against the family.

"I'm very sorry, Chief Constable," said Herbert Litmore. "I quite realize the force of what you say and I don't say that you aren't right. But my wife has begged me not to do—or to allow—anything that might risk harm being done to our boy. She is afraid that, if the police start to hunt the man, he may . . . well, you know what she's afraid of. It has happened too often in kidnapping cases—mostly in America, of course."

"Fortunately they are rare in this country," said Faidlaw quietly. He thought for a minute. "I take it that your point, Mr. Litmore, is that, as there has already been a reference to ransom, you would rather do it that way than by means of a police hunt?"

Litmore hesitated. Then he said: "That's about it, I'm afraid. It seems a bit cowardly, but he's our only boy, you know."

The chief constable looked at him thoughtfully. He said: "Of course, from a purely police point of view we ought to press the hunt for all we are worth. But I feel bound to take the wishes of the parents into account. For the moment, Mr. Litmore, we will not show our hand. Will you please keep us informed *at once* of any further developments?"

Eventually it was decided that the Litmores' solicitor should issue a statement to the press, saying that the boy had been offered a lift by some unknown man the previous evening and had not returned home; that the parents hoped this might be some form of practical joke and begged that their son might be returned to them at once; they had for the moment asked the police not to take any action in the matter.

After the conference, Jonnison returned to his own station in Park Division. But before he could get down to his routine work, the telephone rang.

"Mr. Jonnison? Oldwistle here. Look, I'm speaking from a kiosk where Bunk Street runs on to Highland Common. Don't want my staff to know I'm ringing you, or too many people to see me talking to you. Will you come out here now? Won't take you ten minutes in a car. You'll guess what it's about."

"I'll be right along."

Highland Common was on the northern outskirts of the city. Jonnison, using a police car, did the journey in eight minutes.

Sam Oldwistle was sitting in a modest blue Vauxhall—not his usual cream and crimson Jaguar. Jonnison parked his own car a little distance away, walked up to the Vauxhall and got in, taking off his uniform cap as he did so.

"What is it, Mr. Oldwistle?" he asked quickly.

"Well, nothing much, really," Oldwistle said. "But after what you asked me yesterday afternoon, I thought I'd better tell you. Took my missus and a couple of friends to the dogs last night, and after a bit I was having a stroll round by myself when that chap I told you about—Brackett—came up to me and started shooting his mouth about your fellows asking questions—same as you asked me.

"In a bit of a do, he was. I told him that if he'd done no wrong the police couldn't hurt him, but he was worried; no doubt about that. About the threatening letters. Denied it was him, of course, and then as good as suggested that he knew who had done it. Reub Hodden—fellow I told you about. He said Hodden was very hot about the press campaign—wouldn't go down without a fight."

"Hodden wasn't there at the time?" asked Jonnison quietly. "With Brackett, I mean, when he was talking to you?"

Sam Oldwistle looked at him thoughtfully. "Funny you ask that," he said. "I asked it too—was Hodden there with him? Brackett said he had been, but he hadn't seen him the last hour or so."

It was Superintendent Jonnison's turn to look thoughtful. "And what time was it when you had this talk with Brackett, Mr. Oldwistle?"

"Well, happens I can tell you that. Came to me I'd left the wife and her friends alone a bit too long; looked at my watch, and it was just short of ten o'clock. . . ."

Next morning Litmore was at Police Headquarters again for a conference. The early post had brought him a second message from the kidnapper. The chief constable read it aloud:

"'Seven thirty tonight walk clockwise round Clitton Circle with notes in suitcase. Car will come from behind and tap horn. Throw case through open window. Keep walking. When notes checked will return boy.'"

The police officers stared at one another, stared at Litmore and his solicitor.

"The man's got a nerve," said the chief constable. "Right on your doorstep, Litmore."

Herbert Litmore nodded. "I know. I just can't understand it. I wonder—can it be a hoax? Someone else? It seems madness for the kidnapper to come there."

"Of course," said Faidlaw, "it is a hell of a risk for him, wherever he collects the money. He must be banking on you still holding us back—not trying to catch him."

"He has still got my boy," said Litmore quietly.

The chief constable nodded, and there was silence for a time, broken presently by Hyde, the assistant chief constable.

"I wonder if I might suggest something, sir," Hyde said. "I quite see that, if we ambush this chap, it might be disastrous from Mr. Litmore's point of view. But surely we could tail him—without his knowledge? If he gets away with the money and returns the boy, we shall be able to get him when we are ready to."

Faidlaw looked inquiringly at Litmore. "We naturally want to get this chap," he said, "and I agree that Hyde's suggestion is a fair compromise. But I am bound to tell you that it does carry a risk. I don't think it's a big risk, but it exists."

Litmore nodded. He said: "Thank you. I think I understand, and I will take the risk; but I would ask everybody here to keep it from my family that I have agreed to this."

"Of course. No one will know about it except those members of my force who are detailed for the work. They

SPEECH—I

Often a single word betrays a great design.

Racine

will be very carefully chosen. Mr. Hyde, will you and Superintendent Dale put your heads together and produce a plan?"

When the chief constable dismissed them, Hyde took Superintendents Dale and Jonnison into his own office.

"If only we had more up-to-date radio equipment, it would be easy," said Hyde. "A motor-cycle would be best, but radio on that is conspicuous. We mustn't use anything like a police car either. I'll see if I can borrow that rakish-looking sports car of Blatchford's—no need to tell him what it's for. Then we'll fit a walkie-talkie to it and that'll be that."

Both superintendents were looking polite rather than impressed. Hyde hurried on: "What I have in mind is a policeman—your fellows will be best, I expect, Dale—on each side of the Circle—tucked away out of sight in a garden. Each one will have a walkie-talkie set, and when Litmore is walking round the Circle with his suitcase he will always be in sight of one or the other; when the kidnapper comes along in his car, contact me by radio. How about that?"

Dale did not much like the plan; in his view this was a job for the C.I.D., not the assistant chief constable. But he was not going to argue about it. Presently he and Hyde got down to a discussion about personnel, and Superintendent Jonnison returned to his own station. He realized that this delicate matter of the Litmore kidnapping had been taken out of his hands. He was glad of it. . . .

At half-past six Herbert Litmore was startled by the sound of a car in the drive. Looking out of his study window, he saw to his intense annoyance that it was Norris Shefton and his elder daughter, Margaret Soane.

Litmore did not entirely trust his son-in-law—certainly not his discretion. If Norris saw him walking out of the house carrying a suitcase, he would want to know all about it, offer him a lift, eventually have to be told what was happening.

Litmore had forgotten that it had been arranged that Norris should bring Margaret to spend the evening and should take his own wife, Helen, to a dinner and bridge party; it had been agreed that the family should not appear to make too tragic an appearance to the world by cancelling all social engagements.

It was nearly seven o'clock now, and in half an hour at the latest he would have to . . . ah, they were going. He heard Norris's voice in the hall and then Helen put her head in at the door to say good night.

At twenty past seven he put on a light overcoat and trilby hat, picked up the suitcase containing the £10,000 in notes—rushed to him discreetly by his bank—and walked quietly out of the house.

He realized at once that the kidnapper had timed his moment well. Dusk was falling, but it was still not dark enough for the street lamps to have much effect, nor were motorists using their headlights.

The so-called Circle, which was the road running round the edge of the park serving the substantial houses that faced on to it, had no pavement on the park side—only on the side next to the houses; so that, obeying the order "clockwise," Litmore turned at once to his left and walked briskly, at the edge of the pavement, with the houses and their gardens on his left.

He hoped that he would meet no one he knew; luckily, at this hour most of his neighbours would be in their houses preparing for dinner. His ears were alert for the sound of a car slowing down behind him; every now and then one passed, but well out in the road.

Litmore did not know the police plan; if he had, he would have wondered whether the watchers on each side of the square would really be able to make much of the car that was to pull up beside him and into which he was to throw his case.

The watchers, hidden in the gardens, were in fact wondering the same thing, and the assistant chief constable, parked in his sports car in a side street, was accusing himself of overlooking the problem of the fading light, which had come earlier and more quickly than he had expected.

It was too late for anyone to worry about that now; they must just do their best. Herbert Litmore's best was to walk briskly round the park—a matter of some twenty minutes. As yet no car had come up behind him, no horn been "tapped"; there was nothing for it but to start round again, and it was now definitely dark. But the lights were shining more brightly; if anything, identification of a car would be easier now than at seven thirty.

But no car came to be identified, to collect its prize money, and to drive rapidly away, . . . pursued perhaps by the expectant Hyde. Gradually Litmore's steps began to drag; the suitcase was no light weight and he was exhausted by nervous tension.

After the third circuit, at twenty minutes to nine, he gave it up and, letting himself into his house and study, sank into an armchair and sat with closed eyes, a prey to exhaustion, doubt and fear.

Next morning Norris Shefton went to his office—by no means a daily occurrence with him. He was quite a good reader of the stock market, and when he first joined the stockbroking firm of Jinnery & Pinder at the close of the second World War he had created a good impression, both for his good judgment and for industry.

But it had not lasted. Norris became tired of advising other people what to do with their money; his advice being, on the whole, sound, he wanted to use it for his own advantage, but that was not easy without capital.

Being then a bachelor, he borrowed from a moneylender, had a successful flutter, and repaid the loan. From there the story was easy; not all flutters were successful. It was not long before Jinnery, the senior partner, realized what was happening and stopped it.

Norris ceased operating through his own firm and dealt instead through a London firm, for a time with satisfactory results. Unfortunately, this resulted in him losing interest in the humdrum work of his office. Jinnery would have pushed him out of the firm, but he had great respect for Herbert Litmore and did not want to cause him to feel worried about his son-in-law.

So Norris Shefton had stayed on, nominally a partner, occasionally putting in a spell of work, but making his money—or losing it—by private speculation, betting and gambling.

When Mark Jinnery saw Norris in the office that morning, he asked him to lunch in his bachelor flat and was at pains to express his sympathy over the trouble that had befallen the Litmore family.

"I can't quite make out why the police seem to be doing so little about it," he said over the brandy. "Is anything happening, do you know? Has anything been heard of the boy?"

Norris Shefton gently sniffed his balloon glass. "The old man's very close about it," he said. "He's had a letter of some kind, I do know, but I haven't seen it. Helen thinks the chap is asking a thumping big ransom and I don't doubt he'll get it. Ben is the very apple of his parents' eye."

The older man was jarred by the callousness of the reply. Norris Shefton did not appear to realize the extent of the anguish that his wife's family must be feeling. Nor could Jinnery help noticing that Herbert Litmore was apparently not taking his son-in-law into his confidence. He wondered whether there was trouble between them. He knew that Norris had a reputation for chasing women, but he thought it more likely that any trouble would be of a financial nature.

His normal reticence relaxed by the good lunch and old brandy, he approached the subject. He said: "I was glad to see you at the office today, Norris; I hope things are going well with you nowadays."

Shefton smiled. "Going fine, thank you, Mark. If you had asked me that question twelve months ago, it would not have been so easy to answer. But I'm in the money now—and all I want now is a little of your common sense."

Mark Jinnery smiled. "Going to settle down, eh?"

Shefton nodded. "More or less. That was why I came to the office today. I mean to get into harness again. I don't say I'm going to give up all my wild ways; I shall probably have a flutter on the market occasionally and a bet on a horse or a dog, but . . . well, I'm thirty-seven."

Norris Shefton's smile was his best feature; the older man found himself warming to the prodigal's confession, gave him some sound advice, and took him back to the office. . . .

Following the failure of his attempt to pay the ransom money, Herbert Litmore had said nothing to the police. There had been no message from the kidnapper that morning, and he had tried to bury his anxiety in routine work. But first he had felt obliged to discuss with the editor of the *Farborough Post* the policy which the paper should now follow with regard to its anti-vice campaign.

Hurd, the editor, was no fool, and he had not doubted for a moment that there was some connection between the disappearance of the Litmore boy and the campaign which, at the instigation of its proprietor, he had been conducting in his paper. He was not surprised when Litmore instructed him to shift the axis of the attack away from any particular objective, such as the fun-fairs, on to the more general target of the laxness of modern parents.

The decision once taken, Litmore turned to work on some of the many other business interests with which he was concerned. Gradually he became absorbed in them, so that it was a surprise to him to realize that it was after six o'clock. He dismissed his secretary with an apology, and, after working alone for another half-hour, walked home.

As he crossed Clitton Park, all his troubles descended upon him again; the scene—the circular road running round the park—was painfully engraved on his mind, as he thought of his weary walk the previous evening, round and round, the suitcase weighing more and more heavily.

By the time Herbert Litmore reached home he was weak with anxiety.

For a half-hour or more he fought to regain his self-control. Then he went in to dinner, saying nothing to his wife about the collapse. He ate a light meal, and went early to bed, dosing himself with aspirin.

Next morning he woke refreshed and ready to attack his problem anew. The first thing was to discover what explanation the kidnapper had to give of his failure to collect the ransom money as arranged; Litmore felt sure that a letter would come for him that morning. But there was no envelope with his name and address in written capitals.

It was Mrs. Litmore's habit to open her mail at the breakfast table. Towards the end of this morning's breakfast she cut the string of a small parcel and, unfolding the paper wrapping, disclosed a small cardboard box. There was no neat tissue paper inside the box, but a roughly folded sheet of notepaper, bearing some writing.

She lifted this, stared, uttered a short scream, and fainted.

To be continued next week

"The Stolen Boy" by Henry Wade will be published as a book by Constable at the end of this month. It will be called "The Litmore Snatch." Price: 12s. 6d.

MY BROTHER

Donald

Because our father was a minister in the Church of Scotland in Hawick, our first jobs were helping in the church sales of work. On one occasion my brother, at the age of eight, was put in charge of the bran tub, and he spent long hours beforehand collecting prizes and carefully wrapping them up. He charged twopence a dip.

Business was good until a large female customer complained that her dip was not worth twopence. Taking no notice of my poor brother, she began rummaging in the bran tub, picking out the prizes, undoing them and saying in a loud voice: "Look at this, and this—twopence—sheer robbery."

With the presence of mind that has helped him many times in tight corners, Donald said in his deep voice: "I hope you realize, madam, that you owe me twopence for every parcel you open." The woman, startled by this pronouncement, desisted, paid up and departed.

Since then, Donald has raised more than £200,000 for charities. He has always been keen on raising funds for good causes. Maybe it's a reaction to one occasion when we were on our way to church. Feeling hungry we decided to risk damnation and split our collection money on a fifty-fifty basis with church funds. We slipped guiltily into the corner shop, and were just choosing our favourite sweets when, to our horror, we saw the stern figure of our father approaching. We got away with a stern lecture from him which we have never forgotten.

When Donald was sixteen he bought a 1907 motor-bike for £7—belt drive, one gear. It was a great event but the first time out he was stopped by a policeman who pointed out that he had no number plates. After an embarrassing search it also appeared that he had no licence, no silencer and that he had not only not paid a registration fee, but that he had never even heard of the idea.

He was bright at school and used to win endless prizes. I remember him coming home with a rather patronizing expression and handing to my father with a flourish the beautifully bound book he had won. On the fly-leaf was inscribed a long list of the prizes which the book represented.

Suddenly my father burst out laughing and showed me the illuminated inscription under the impressive lettering. Someone had written in imitation script: "This chap is a cocky young ass and needs sitting on."

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 26

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San Marlo incident

Continued from page 16

order," Medwick declared, obviously worried. "You're to visit the girl every day? Surely there's no such law?"

"A new ruling, he said. What's the difference? I'd want to keep tabs on her anyway."

"Where does she live?"

"In La Jaula." John fished the bit of paper from his pocket. "Calle Rosa, ten."

"The heart of the slums. I don't like it, Crosson. Estrada is up to something."

"What can he be up to?" John was dimly aware that the music had stopped and Pamela was floating towards them on the arm of young McPhillips.

"I don't know," Medwick muttered. "Go and dance with my daughter, and let me think."

It was not one of the happiest evenings in John Crosson's career. Pamela Medwick, when told of the colonel's order, indignantly insisted that he ignore it.

"It's quite impossible for a man in your position to go to such a place," she said angrily. "Why, not even the better-class San Marloans allow themselves to be seen in La Jaula. If I were a man, I'd have slapped Estrada's face."

John sighed. She was not a man, he reflected. She was a rather regal young woman in a cloud of yellow lace, and at times he was much attracted to her. To be sure, she was too much aware of her father's position, but John was

SPEECH—2

Speaking without thinking is shooting without aiming.

Proverb

a practical man who had given up expecting perfection. And he never let things get his goat.

He saw no point, for instance, in blowing his top about the present situation, and it saddened him that the daughter of Charles Medwick couldn't discover anything in it that she could smile at. The evening, for John, was long and dull.

Five days after the accident, the hospital said that Lupita Robles might go home, and John Crosson arrived at four in the afternoon, laden with parcels. He opened the parcels on Lupita's bed and handed her an embroidered blouse, a red skirt, socks and tiny white shoes. She looked at him as though he were Father Christmas.

When she was dressed, he carried her down the hospital steps and deposited her carefully in his car, handing her still another package, tied with ribbon and wrapped in blue paper with white angels all over it.

"This is for you, too, Lupita," he said. "We'll open it when we get you home."

Driving past the alley from which she had run into the path of his car, he wondered what sort of a house she lived in.

He had a pretty good idea, of course. The district called La Jaula —The Cage—extended from the street to the harbour, a distance of a quarter of a mile or so, and was an almost unbroken mass of rusty iron roofs. Under the roofs were shacks and hovels packed with people, dogs, pigs and chickens.

The street into which Lupita directed him was a ribbon of gloom filled with refuse and rain-water. From the end of it, where he left the car, he had to walk another hundred yards through squalid little yards and gaps in leaning fences. Calle Rosa was an alley deep in the maze.

Number Ten was a sad little hovel with mud walls and a sagging door, no different from the sad little hovels all round it.

With Lupita in his arms and the box tenaciously clutched in hers, John knocked at the door. A moon-faced female mountain in a black dress—a woman he had encountered once or twice at the hospital—opened it.

"I've brought the little girl home."

The mountain beamed on him. "*Gracias, señor.* Come in, please."

He found himself in a bare-floored room crowded with a few sticks of home-made furniture, rich with smells of oil-and-garlic cooking. With a questioning glance at the woman, he sat the little girl on a chair, where she clung to the angel-covered box and gazed at him as though not quite certain he was real.

"I think I told you," he said, "I'm to call every day to see her. Police orders."

"*Si, señor.* My house is yours."

"The last time we met, *señora,* you were telling me about the little girl's parents when the doctor interrupted us. You were saying——"

"Her mother died last year, *señor.* She was a cousin of mine from Las Canas. The father was killed three years ago—no, four—in a sugar-train accident."

"I see. And now the child lives with you?"

"She must live somewhere. Our house is too small, my husband says, but who is he to talk when I slave all day at the sewing-machine to support him? Besides, Lupita is a smart one for her age, as you may have noticed. She is a big help to me."

John crouched down in front of the chair. "Come on, Lupita," he said. "Let's open the box."

She was an odd child. Anticipation lit up her eyes, yet her small fingers patiently untied the ribbon and rolled it, removed the pretty paper and folded that, before she lifted the cover. At sight of the enormous doll in its nest of white tissue paper, she voiced a single small exclamation and sat like a doll herself, rigid.

"Go on," John urged. "It's yours. Take it."

She lifted it as though it might melt in her hands, and laid it against the embroidered blouse and hugged it. "*Gracias, señor,*" she whispered.

John rumpled her hair and left a kiss on her cheek. "See you tomorrow, little one." He turned to the woman. "She won't be much help to you for a while, mamma, so—here." He put a note in her hand.

"You are very kind, *señor.*"

"Not at all. Goodbye, Lupita."

Lupita Robles took hold of the doll's hand and solemnly waved it at him. John, smiling, shut the door at Calle Rosa 10 behind him.

The smile became a frown when he approached his car. Half the residents of La Jaula, it seemed, were gathered about the machine as though they had never seen one before—and perhaps on that particular street they hadn't. A thin, dark man wearing shoes, hat and tie—obviously no peasant—made some remark at sight of him and drew from the crowd a ripple of laughter.

It was not a hostile crowd. Some of the peasants even grinned as they fell back to let John through. On closer inspection, though, the grins were smirks, like the smirk that had puzzled him on the face of Colonel Estrada. And what was the thin, dark man doing with a press camera?

John shrugged and opened the car door, and at that moment saw something else that made him stop

MY BROTHER DONALD

See page 25

Donald McCullough, of Brains Trust fame, is Richard McCullough's brother.

"For the last time, I tell you I don't want any brushes"

abruptly. "What are you doing here?" he said as a girl halted before him.

He knew who she was, of course. In San Mario City you know who and what every foreigner is. She was a secretary at the British Legation. She also worked as a volunteer, he remembered, at the church-sponsored school for handicapped children.

Her name was Judith White. Everyone called her Judy.

"Are you out of your mind, coming in here?" John demanded sternly.

"I was taking one of the schoolchildren home." She frowned at the now silent gathering. "Are you in trouble?"

"I'm not sure." John opened the car door. "Hop in and I'll tell you about it."

"I left my own car by the park," she told him. "I wouldn't drive this far into La Jaula for anything."

"I'll take you to it."

She got in and John drove away, leaving the crowd still silent and seemingly puzzled. When he stopped behind her station wagon he was in the midst of his tale, and Judy White reached out and turned off the ignition.

He finished the story. Judy gazed at him in silence for a moment and then solemnly nodded. "I can see why the consul is just a wee bit upset," she said. "But you're absolutely right, You'd have to visit the little girl even if Estrada hadn't ordered it. She might have a setback."

John returned her gaze with interest. "You surprise me," he said.

"Do I? Why?"

"Your attitude. It's refreshing. If you're not afraid of your good name, how about having dinner with me tonight?"

"I've a flat at the Valencia," she said. "I'll be waiting. . . ."

He took her to El Caribe for dinner, and afterwards they danced at the Casino Nacional. At two in the morning, after they had discussed spring in Cornwall, road building in San Marlo and a few score subjects in between, he kissed her good night at her door.

He was troubled as he walked away, and what troubled him was that he had so stupidly neglected to ask her out before. How could a man be so blind to something so special, right under his nose . . . ?

Next morning, while he was shaving, the telephone rang.

"Have you seen the morning paper?" The voice of the consul was frigid.

"No. I haven't."

"We'd better have a talk before you drive out to work," Medwick said grimly. "In my office, if you will, and as soon as you can get there."

John finished dressing and went downstairs. His houseboy had laid the morning paper beside his breakfast plate on the veranda table, as usual. Coming from the kitchen with coffee and eggs, the boy murmured: "Good morning, *señor*," without fluttering an eyelid, just as though the car in the front-page photograph were not the car standing twenty feet away on the drive.

The headline above the picture screamed: POLICE PUNISH PROMINENT BRITON and the story beneath contained the name Paco Estrada exactly eleven times. John counted. . . .

CHARLES MEDWICK paced the plush carpet of the consulate's inner sanctum, his long face twitching. "You might at least have made some attempt to keep your visit a secret," he moaned. "Did you have to give them photographic proof?"

John exhaled a patient sigh. "I can stand being laughed at, sir," he said. "Let 'em have their fun."

"Fun!" Medwick snatched the paper from his desk and wildly waved it. "Can't you see what Estrada is up to? You know the situation here as well as I do. President Fuentes hates us, hates all foreigners. There is a presidential election. Altamirano, the opposition candidate, is campaigning for a decent, democratic policy, and Fuentes is trying to make out that he is an Anglo-American puppet. We mustn't give him any chance to run an anti-British line. We must keep right out of this election—and right out of the papers."

Medwick slumped into his chair. Then he said slowly: "Look at it in

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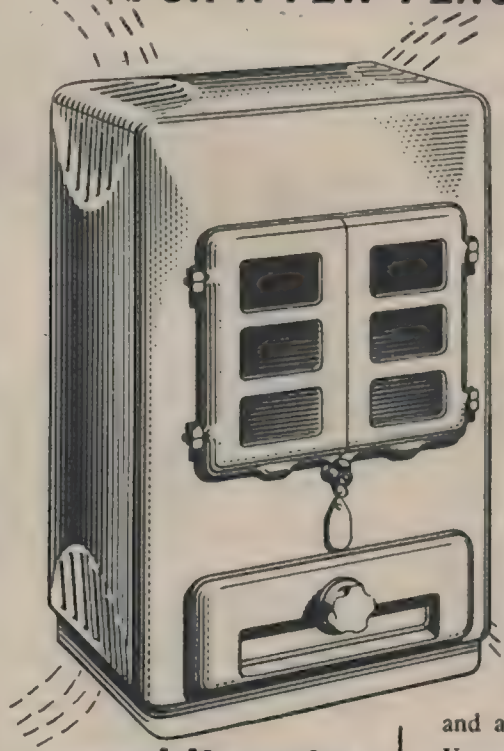

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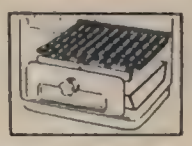

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this way, Crosson. Altamirano could win this election—the people are fed up with the government—but if you give Fuentes and his rotten newspaper a chance like this to ridicule Englishmen, it won't even be close."

"I'm only one Englishman," John protested.

"Just now you are every British citizen in San Marlo City."

"Next time I'll take a taxi."

"Next time you won't go at all."

John sighed. "I'd like to be helpful," he said. "But when Estrada throws me in the clink for disobeying orders, will you use your influence to get me out?"

"You know I can't," Medwick groaned. "If I did, they'd make an issue of that."

John stood up, sadly shaking his head. "I've got roads to build, sir. I haven't the time to sit in jail until election day."

ON his next visit to Calle Rosa, John took a taxi to La Jaula and walked in—and the newspaper ran a front-page picture of him sloshing through a puddle filled with refuse. The following day they caught him debating the right of way with a pig.

Every day the paper ran a picture, with a caption designed to inform the citizens of San Marlo that Colonel Paco Estrada, the right-hand man of the president, was a person of importance. Look, citizens — every day the Britisher, Señor Crosson, the big builder of roads, must swallow his pride and go trudging through the squalid alleys of La Jaula. And why, citizens? Because Paco Estrada says so. *Olé!*

The people chuckled. Some of them laughed aloud. But there was nothing John could do about it, so he did nothing.

If the truth were known, he was thoroughly enjoying his visits to Calle Rosa. Every day the large *señora* opened the door to him and little Lupita Robles greeted him with out-cries of delight. He took presents and he made a game of opening them.

Not once did he meet the woman's husband. Probably that individual, with nothing else to do, was part of the crowd that followed John's comings and goings. No matter. But, timing his visits with care, John did meet Judy White. He met her often.

She came to La Jaula every day after school was over, to return a blind youngster to his home. When John met her, they found time to talk and no lack of things to talk about. He didn't take her dancing again, however. Shopping for Lupita and his daily visits to No. 10 were interfering with his work. Except for a dinner or two at the Medwicks', he spent his evenings in Boniato.

The dinners were hardly joyful occasions. The colonel was a perturbed and angry man.

"The whole city is laughing at you," he accused, as if John didn't know it.

"And at me, too, which is worse," said Pamela acidly. "After all, you've been seen about with me for months."

"You're imagining things," John said.

"I am not. I have been laughed at to my face."

"Then," said John, trying hard not to look delighted, "quite obviously I'd better keep away from here."

He had to call once more, though. It was the afternoon of an important social event: the ball at the San Marlo Club celebrating the birthday of the republic's president. Every British citizen of importance was expected to attend, and John had accepted, months before, Pamela's invitation to escort her to the function.

"I'm sorry," she said now. "It is impossible."

Her father added grimly: "You can't go yourself, Crosson."

"I can't go?" John was genuinely surprised. "Why not?"

"Because the minister himself forbids it. I spoke to Sir George this morning at the Legation. He points out that Estrada and all the others will be there. The president himself will attend for a short time. These are

"Angela! Your skates are showing"

ticklish days, with the big birthday parade tomorrow and the election the day after. He wants you out of sight till they are all over."

"As you wish," said John with a shrug.

He didn't attend the ball. The following afternoon, however, he went to Calle Rosa 10 as usual, and little Lupita Robles shattered him with a question.

"Will you take me to the parade?" she said.

Remembering Medwick's order, John scowled at her. "You can't go to any parade. You're not well enough."

"Watch me," she said. Tearing full-tilt across the floor, she hurled herself

Receding Tide

by R. P. LISTER

My hair recedes across my shining brow,
Although I nurture it with oily fluids.
Had I a long and silver beard, right now
I should resemble one of those old Druids

Who used to stand beneath the mystic oak,
Their skulls reflecting radiance from the Heavens.
They were a dignified and noble folk,
And sired a brood of doughty men called Evans,

Roberts, and Jones. That's what their sons are called,
And some of them use grease, and some put wax on,
But with advancing years they all go bald,
And so do I, the scion of the Saxon.

at him with such enthusiasm that he fell over a chair. "See?" she said proudly.

"The streets will be jam-packed with people," John protested, getting up. "You'd be trampled on."

"Not with you taking care of me."

In desperation he turned to the twenty-stone lady of the house. "Tell her it's impossible, mamma," he begged.

"But, *señor*, it would do her a world of good. She has been cooped up here so long."

"I'm overruled," John admitted with a sigh. . . .

He drove as close to the square as possible, but with ninety-nine per cent of the city's population determinedly trying to accomplish the same thing, it was not very close. Then he lifted Lupita up on to his shoulders and walked.

"If anything goes wrong," he told her, "the British minister is going to throw a fit."

She only laughed, clutching his ears and kicking her small white shoes against his chest.

John let the flow of humanity carry him along because it was impossible to do otherwise. On this important occasion no traffic moved on the square, only people. An army of police lined the parade route. The rest was pandemonium.

With the little girl riding him like a horse, John worked his way through the mob to the kerb across from the palace and halted there. At the opposite end of the square the procession was just getting under way to the brassy blare of the national anthem.

"Too many people," John groaned.

Then he was recognized by people in the crowd. It wasn't surprising. By this time practically everyone in San Marlo City knew the story. Those photographs in Fuentes' newspaper had set the whole town buzzing. The joke was on the Englishman, no? Paco Estrada had forced him to visit that hovel in La Jaula every day. *Ay-ay-ay!* And now the colonel had ordered him out into the open where he could be laughed at to his face. Bravo for Estrada!

John heard some of the comments. They were not complimentary.

By the time the head of the parade reached the palace, the crowd along that portion of the route had lost interest in the marchers. It was giving all its attention to John Crosson.

Police on motor-cycles chugged by. A band high-stepped along in red, white and gold uniforms. Then came an open limousine bearing three beribboned officials, one of whom was Colonel Paco Estrada, with a line of marching officers on either side. Estrada beamed on the crowd right and left.

Suddenly his smile froze and he barked an order. The car stopped. His face a thundercloud, Estrada hopped out and strode to the kerb.

"Señor Crosson! Why have you brought this child here?"

"What's the matter now?" John said, genuinely surprised.

The parade had stopped. Back along the line of march, bands played, but in the vicinity of John and the colonel there was silence.

"Why have you brought the child here?" Estrada shrilled again.

"She's a friend of mine," John said mildly. "She wanted to see the show."

"You were not given permission."

"Since when," John said, "is it against the law to watch a parade?"

The colonel seemed to lose his power of speech for a moment. When he got it back, his voice was a string of firecrackers and he was waving his arms wildly.

"You are here to create a disturbance," he shouted.

John looked around him and shook his head, wryly grinning. A disturbance was the last thing in the world he wanted, but the colonel was right: he certainly was creating one.

Then John noticed something else. Working for two years in this little Caribbean republic had taught him to gauge the temper of its people rather well, and he saw now that the mood of the crowd was changing in his favour.

It didn't occur to John to take advantage of the situation. He said simply: "Look, colonel. This little girl wanted to see the show, so I brought her. I am certainly not trying to upset your parade." And, waving a hand towards the onlookers, he added: "These people didn't come here to see us argue."

But Estrada had gone too far to retreat without losing face, and when the crowd cheered he knew it.

"Arrest this man," he screamed at the police. He thrust out his hands. "Give the child to me."

John stepped back, but too late. Little Lupita Robles, with a death grip on his ears, swung a leg and planted one of her tiny white shoes smack on the colonel's nose. The police rushed in. But the crowd closed in first, and authority hadn't a chance. Someone began blowing a whistle. The sound was lost in a rising tumult of cheers that bounced off the palace walls and filled the square.

The police had batons for just such an emergency, but the mob around Crosson and little Lupita was a hundred deep and getting deeper every second. Any attempt to break it up by force would have touched off a revolution.

There was but one thing to do. Someone — not Estrada — had sense enough to do it. A band struck up the national anthem. The parade rolled again.

John, with Lupita chortling on his shoulders, felt himself caught up in the flow and sucked into the line of march. He took the path of least resistance. The cheering mob stepped along with him, having the time of its life.

That was when some onlooker snapped the picture that appeared later in the British newspapers.

A moment later something else happened. Off the kerb stepped Judy White, shouting John's name and laughing at the same time. The crowd knew her, of course; she was the girl who drove the children home. It let her through and she reached John's side.

"Good for you!" she yelled at him. "You're wonderful."

John grinned and caught her hand. Side by side they paraded past the palace where President Fuentes and his top politicos, standing like the bronze statues in the palace grounds, watched in helpless silence.

DOWN through the city streets they went, with the uniformed school children, the bands and the floats in their wake. John was powerless to stop it. He was the parade. So he just hung on to Judy White's hand, grinned sheepishly at the crowd's cheers, and kept on walking. When he thought Lupita had had enough, he simply turned toward Calle Rosa. And the population of San Marlo City turned with him, leaving the bands and the floats to carry on in a vacuum.

At the door of No. 10 John turned, faced the marchers, and waved his hand. The crowd cheered until the door closed.

John put the child in her favourite chair and turned to Judy. "Shall I go and give myself up, or wait for them to come and arrest me?"

"They won't arrest you," Judy said.

"Just shoot me on sight, you mean?"

"Not that, either. With the election tomorrow, Fuentes won't dare to lift a finger."

"Let's hope you are right," John said. "Let's go to my home and wait and see."

Judy was right. The city buzzed with talk for hours, but no one came to John's house to arrest him. He and Judy White had dinner together on the veranda, turned on the radiogram and danced in the living-room. Then they talked until midnight about very personal things, including what ought to be done with the child at Calle Rosa 10, who had no mother or father.

Next day Miguel Fuentes was voted out of the palace, and Estaban Altamirano became president of San Marlo.

THE END

A salesman's romance

Continued from page 19

such an ailing voice that the judge called him up to the bench and put him sitting beside himself.

This didn't upset the jarvey much. He had the jarvey's technique of plausibility, and he treated the court as if it were a party of American tourists he was taking on a conducted tour of the Lakes of Killarney. He pointed to the places he felt the pains as though they were beauty spots. As for reward, he indicated that he was an unworldly little man who had no notion of the value of money, and left it all to the natural generosity of his fares.

Fortunately, it became obvious after a quarter of an hour that the judge thought he was trying another case, and was confusing the jarvey with a lorry driver who had been hit by a railway wagon. Michael Dunn, in his attempt at getting His Lordship on the right track, almost suggested that there wasn't really much difference between a jaunting car and a lorry, but the judge wasn't having any.

"I'd be very pleased if counsel would realize that I still have my wits about me," he snapped. "And though I may not be quite so young as counsel, I still know the difference between a lorry and a jaunting car." And he continued to nag, to interrupt, and to ask awkward questions until the jarvey's pose was broken down and he was yelling. The atmosphere of the conducted tour had been completely dissipated.

WHEN Charlie's turn came, he recited the oath in a thrilling voice that made it perfectly clear that here, at least, was a man who knew the solemn meaning of every word. The judge glanced at him with the air of a child who sees a new toy.

Charlie bowed very low to the judge, who was so astonished that he bowed back, and then Charlie bowed to the lawyers, and sat down.

Then he proceeded to sell them the story that no lawyer had been prepared to buy. He took Linnane's questions for, what they should have been, rather than what they were, and proceeded to dispose of them as though they were no more than the promptings of a good listener.

He demonstrated exactly how the accident had occurred, using his hands, his feet, and even his magnificent voice, till the judge himself turned into a possible customer. He threw in amusing little sidewipes at the county council and the condition of the roads, and, ignoring Cronin's warnings, one at the jarvey's drunkenness, as well.

Dunn was on his feet in a moment with an outraged expression, but the judge had still not forgiven him his unmannerly correction and snubbed him at once. He said that Charlie struck him as an honest and unprejudiced witness, who told his story in a straightforward and, above all, audible way.

Even when Dunn got up to cross-examine, Charlie did not feel in the least rattled. On the contrary, he had been having it almost too easy and now welcomed the chance of a really difficult customer.

"Mr. Ford," Dunn said, "you ventured to suggest that my client was under the influence of liquor on the night in question. Now, perhaps, before we go any farther, you wouldn't mind enlightening the court as to where you and your lady friend were coming from?"

"Not in the least," said Charlie gallantly. "We were coming from the Red Cow."

"The Red Cow?" repeated Dunn, who was under the illusion that to repeat a name as though he had never heard it before was a good way of making it seem significant. "Would I be correct in assuming that the Red Cow is a hostelry?"

"You'd hardly be correct in assuming it, Mr. Dunn," Charlie replied with amusement. "Assumptions are made about things of which we have no direct knowledge."

There was a slight chuckle from the court at this, and Dunn grew red in the face and went on hurriedly: "And did you have some—um—refreshment there?"

"Yes, sir," Charlie replied meekly.

Dunn waved his big spectacles in the direction of the judge. "Tell My Lord how many drinks you had," he said.

"Three," Charlie replied steadily. "You see, it was a very hot night, and I'd been driving for a good part of the day, and I was rather thirsty."

"And you ask the court to believe that after three drinks, on a very hot night, when you had been driving for a good part of the day, as you've admitted, you were still capable of driving a car properly?"

"I ask the court to believe that if I wasn't capable of driving properly I wouldn't have been driving at all," said Charlie.

"The police made no test to ascertain if you were capable of driving?" asked Dunn.

"I presume the police are aware that there is no test known to science that will prove the existence of lemonade in the system," Charlie replied sternly.

Several of the people in the public gallery laughed outright, and even the judge gave a smile of glee.

As for Dunn, he was beginning to lose his temper, and with good reason, for it wasn't often he had a witness like Charlie to deal with. He had given up hope of shaking Charlie's version of the accident, and contented himself with a few perfunctory questions intended to suggest that Charlie and Celia had been too busy in the car to watch the road. Even these, Charlie did not let by.

"This young lady and you are old friends?" asked Dunn.

"No, Mr. Dunn," Charlie said gently. "Just engaged."

"And you hadn't your arm about this young lady's shoulder?"

"Ah, not at all, Mr. Dunn," Charlie said wearily. "You and I ought to be past the juvenile stage."

This produced a real roar, and, after a few further efforts, Dunn sat down and pretended to be absorbed in his papers. Charlie bowed again to the judge and returned to his seat. He, of course, knew that the case was now in the bag. Charlie, the universal salesman, had sold his story to the judge, and it looked as if nothing less than an earthquake would break the spell he had woven about them.

But then it was Celia's turn, and Charlie's heart sank when he saw that she had learned nothing from his example.

She looked beautiful and angry and, what was worse, alarmed, and Charlie knew within a few minutes that her unhappiness was affecting the courtroom. She replied to Linnane's friendly questions as though he were cross-examining her, and when Dunn rose she gave him a positive scowl.

CHARLIE hoped that, as an old friend of the family, Dunn might show some sense of decency, but he was still smarting under Charlie's thrusts.

"And were you also drinking lemonade, Miss Halligan?" he asked, brandishing his spectacles and looking at her out of the corner of his eye.

"Ah, I was not," she said, with a shrug. "I wouldn't touch the blooming stuff."

"Tell the court what you were drinking."

"Whiskey, of course," she replied, in a shrill, shocked tone. "As if you didn't know."

Dunn leaned forward on the table, bowed his dark head, and looked at her over his spectacles. "I did not know, Miss Halligan," he said reprovingly. "I merely wish to find out if at the time of this accident you weren't a little—elevated, shall we say?"

"Is it after three small ones?" she asked incredulously. "What do you think I am?"

At this point, Linnane tried to go to Celia's rescue, but the judge had taken an instant dislike to her, and he had the last word.

He told her that this was a court of law, and that he would not permit her to reply to counsel in that impudent fashion, at which Celia only looked mutinous as well as angry, and the judge held the case up for several minutes to glower back at her, waiting for the back-answer that would give him the opportunity of starting all over again.

Dunn now knew that the road was clear for him.

Charlie covered his face entirely. To give him his due, he went through agonies. As Dunn framed each question, Charlie answered it in his own mind, tossing off the awkward ones with light feminine banter, lingering gravely over those that raised moral issues, smiling, frowning, and even prepared to shed a tear behind his hands. And on top of the ideal reply came the real one, all in one tone, bewildered and maddened, and sounding as if it came from the lips of some international courtesan.

LINNANE tried to interfere, but the judge said with a snort that the witness appeared to be one of those modern young women, so she probably expected to be dealt with in a modern way. Dunn made Celia admit that she was often at the Red Cow, that she had been going there for years, with different men, and that she had been kissing Charlie in the car before they started; and he almost trapped her into saying that she was in no state to describe what had happened.

Salesmanship! Charlie thought despairingly. *That's what the girl lacks.*

Celia came down from the stand sulky and furious. Charlie rose with an angelic, welcoming smile to let her pass in front of him, and tried to put his fat hand consolingly on hers, but she whipped away from him as though he were to blame for everything, and stalked out of the court. He had to sit there and wait for the verdict, and, though it was a verdict for him, it brought him no comfort. It even left him wondering why he had caused himself so much anxiety over it.

Next morning, Charlie received a shock. In town he ran into a gossipy married woman, who had heard all about the case and wanted to talk of it.

"And I saw Celia at the dance last night," she went on joyously. "I'll give you three guesses who she was dancing with."

"Who, Babe?" Charlie asked, in his fatherly way.

"Michael Dunn! What do you make of that?"

"Dunn?" Charlie exclaimed. "Are you sure of that, Babe?"

"Sure, I saw her, I tell you. They were talking for a few minutes, and after that she danced with him twice. I nearly dropped dead."

"I'm a bit surprised myself," murmured Charlie, who preferred not to show his own bewilderment and alarm. "I wouldn't have thought she'd speak to him again. I know I wouldn't."

That evening, he went to the Halligans, but he got no satisfaction whatever from Celia. She seemed surprised and irritated by his attitude.

"And why wouldn't I dance with him?" she asked. "Sure, he only did what he was paid for. He'd do the same to his own mother. Did you ever know a lawyer that wouldn't?"

But, reasonable as this sounded, it carried no conviction to Charlie's mind. Reason had never yet made a woman speak to a man she had cause to dislike. Could it be that she hadn't really resented Dunn's tone—that she might even have enjoyed it? He felt he would never understand women.

He felt it with a vengeance when Celia returned the ring and told him that she and Dunn were getting married at once. Charlie was a rational man, and, like all rational men, took the irrational badly.

Woebegone and haggard, he went over every detail with me a hundred times in the next few months. But gradually, as he repeated it, he began to realize that it was an excellent story, a story you could sell to prospective customers.

"Did I ever tell you," he would ask with a reflective smile, "how I won the case and lost the girl?" And suddenly he was himself again. THE END

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P10B

Woman at the wheel

Continued from page 14

forty marks in addition to our time penalties.

We were intrigued to learn that some competitors had lost no marks on distance at all. The explanation was simple. On the run into the final control we had come across several rally cars jacked up, with the crews spinning the back wheels to get their mileage up to the official figure. Others were disconnecting their speedometers. I thought I had seen everything, and marvelled at all this American ingenuity, but apparently I missed the competitor who had a special speedometer fitted which he clicked up to the correct mileage for the benefit of the official at the final control.

On the last day we ran into sheet ice and snow on the Lincoln Gap, and for the first time it began to look like a real rally. We managed the climb without wheel chains, but with plenty of wheel-spin. Other competitors stopped to fit chains, and I was interested to discover that not even these increased the circumference of American wheels, for most competitors again returned the correct mileage.

The officials did the only thing possible at the finish and cancelled the speedometer regulation. This led to a drastic switch of positions, and the rally was finally and deservedly won by a couple of charming American sportsmen in an old M.G.

It was a great experience, and I loved every minute of it. Much to my surprise we won the manufacturers' team prize. The Americans were very friendly. My favourite was a reporter who called me a buxom beauty.

MEANWHILE, Father had asked me to go back to the Windmill. It was not a command, but a request. I was living only for rallies; they took all my time. He accepted this and gave me encouragement and support. But he realized that he could not go on running the Windmill for ever, and asked me to become his understudy. This meant that when he retired I would take over. That, of course, was looking a long way ahead.

Being away from the place for seven years or so had done me no harm. I had been lucky in my opportunities, and had been able to prove to Father and to myself that I could stand on my own feet. I wanted to continue with rallies, but realized that I could not go on for ever. I was happy to think that when I eventually retired I would go back to another world I loved.

So I agreed to go. The arrangement was quite simple. As long as Father was in good health, I would go on with rallies, and spend my spare time learning the ropes at the Windmill.

My spare time did not amount to much. After helping to win the manufacturers' team prize in the 1954 Monte, there came the R.A.C. Rally and the Tulip, a Dutch rally.

The climax to the Tulip was a ten-lap race round the track at Zandvoort. We were lying second in our class to Denis Scott, who was driving a Ford. We would win our class if I could beat Denis by eight seconds in the final race.

This did not seem at all likely, for I was inexperienced in track racing. It was quite unfamiliar to me when we lined up on the grid. Denis had the pole position, and I was next to him.

The flag dropped and we were away. A Dutchman shot ahead, and no one ever looked like catching him up, but he was so far behind on marks that he had no chance of first or second place in the rally. I kept close behind Denis for the first five laps, feeling my way; then I managed to draw level, and on the seventh lap I went ahead.

As my car was more powerful I was able to hold the lead, and I finished 7 4/5th seconds ahead of Denis.

When the race finished we did the usual lap of honour, and then a wonderful thing happened. The whole crowd of about three thousand stood up and cheered. I put the car away, and as I walked back to join everybody in the stand they rose to their feet again. It was probably the proudest moment

of my life. I had won the race, but lost the rally by one-fifth of a second. . . .

Next on the list of rallies was the 1954 Alpine—generally agreed to be the toughest ever held. The cars that finished looked like battered old crocks.

Only thirty-seven cars finished the rally. Eighteen of them were British, including four out of our team of six. Anne Hall and I won the *Coupe des Dames*.

When I returned from the Alpine I took part in a television programme on road safety—a subject which will remain tragically topical until we do something about it.

All road users must share responsibility for accidents, and it is grossly unfair to blame the motorist all the time. However, the proper contribution for the motorist himself to make is to improve his driving.

Every motorist admits that there are bad drivers on the roads, but I have never met one who would agree that this might include him or her. No charge arouses more indignation than that of bad driving. Call a man a fool, a liar, a drunkard, a sadist, say what you like about his habits, morals and intelligence—and he may not turn a hair. Tell him he is a bad driver, and you have made an enemy for life.

Driving is an art, and a person does not graduate merely by passing a test. But accidents are not caused only by lack of knowledge and inexperience: they are due also to selfishness and bad manners, and especially to lack of concentration and care. No one can call himself a good driver unless he admits that he is capable of driving badly, and is always on the watch to make sure that he doesn't.

I had been on television once before, as the mystery celebrity in *What's My Line?* but my road-safety effort was quite an ordeal. I have never liked the idea of making a fool of myself in public.

Shortly after the programme I drove out of the garage at the theatre and turned right to go down Windmill Street. As usual there was room for only one line of traffic. A taxi-driver saw me come out, and immediately proceeded up the street towards me. I had the right of way as I was out first. But there we were, facing each other, with the taxi-driver screaming at me in a bullying manner.

Then a young policeman arrived, tapped on my window and said: "Just you hang on a minute, Miss. I'll deal with this." Without a word he signalled to the taxi to back down the street. The taxi-driver had no option, and he was livid. I followed him down the street, and when I drew past him he leaned out—no doubt to give me another piece of his mind. Then recognition dawned. He had seen me on TV. "If I'd known it was you I'd have let you come down first," he said.

The change in his tone was most welcome, but oh dear, obviously from his earlier behaviour not all of my TV message had sunk in as far as he was concerned. In the programme we had been talking about road manners.

A week or so before Christmas it was officially announced that I had won the Ladies' European Championship for 1954. I was credited with three firsts—the R.A.C., Tulip and Viking. Actually I had been second in the R.A.C., but Mary Walker, who won the ladies' prize, was driving a sports car, and the championship had now been restricted to production touring cars. For the same reason my first in the Alpine did not count. Unfortunately Anne did not share the title because she had preferred to drive her own XK120 in the R.A.C.

The next Monte Carlo Rally was my fifth. My birthday, being on January 17, always occurs during the Monte, and that year we had a great deal of publicity in the German press.

Some of the newspapers got the date wrong, though, and said my birthday was on January 18, so the greetings continued right through the next day as well. This was making my co-drivers, Anne and Françoise, quite mad, because I was fêted and given presents at every control. They were absolutely fed up by the time we drove into Hamburg at the end of the day.

SPEECH—3

Speech was given to the ordinary sort of men to communicate their mind, but to wise men to conceal it.

Robert South

It was a difficult section, Anne was driving, and we arrived with only about a quarter of an hour to spare. When we went to book in we had only one thought in our minds.

The control headquarters were in a caravan, and all three of us walked in together. As we opened the door, and before we were allowed to hand in our road-book to have it stamped, all the officials—there must have been about twenty-five of them—stood up and sang "Happy Birthday To You."

They sang it in English, and I never knew it had so many verses. We were kept standing there for what seemed to be about ten minutes before they would even consider booking us in.

Eventually we escaped, and nearly killed each other in the rush for the door marked "*Damen*."

The Germans had still not quite finished with us, nevertheless, for as we were about to draw out of the control they handed me the most beautiful bouquet. I was behind the driving wheel, and Anne was lying across the back seat, ready to go to sleep. She was already nearly off. I tossed the flowers into the back, and they landed slap on the top of Anne's chest.

"What's that for?" she asked sleepily.

"Well, dear," I said, "if we have an accident now, you'll be already laid out."

The rally was won outright by Per Malling and Gunnar Fadum. We won the prize for the three best cars of the same make. And we brought the *Coupe des Dames* back to England for the first time since Mrs. Vaughan won it in 1932.

A month after the 1955 Tulip, in which Anne and I were second to Greta Mölander, came the tragedy of Le Mans, when eighty-two people were killed. Although this had nothing to do with rallies, it was to have a great effect on all forms of motor sport. The 1955 Alpine was cancelled, and the whole future of rallies was in doubt.

In the Viking Rally in Norway in September, Anne and I were third. We made a bad mistake and lost time by taking a wrong road.

If we had finished any lower down we would have lost the 1955 European Championship as well, for we were only in a slight lead. As Anne and I had been together on every rally, including the R.A.C., we shared the women's title this time.

AFTER the Viking, I made a big decision—to pull out from rally-driving, from all the thrills, excitement and nervous tension.

My reasons were simple. The most important was that Father had not been at all well for the past year, and I did not think that my activities were helping him to get better.

Ever since I began rallying, there had been an unspoken agreement—almost a conspiracy of silence—between the family and me not to admit the possibility that I might be putting myself in danger. Neither they nor I mentioned the risks. Of course it was easier for me; for them I think it became increasingly difficult to cover up their feeling of concern.

There was also the question of the Windmill. With Father being ill there was the real possibility that he might have to go away. I was not in the least ready to take over, and I could not concentrate on the job properly if I was away on rallies for six months of the year.

Also, there was the question of staff relations. I could not expect the others to respect me as the boss if I jumped straight out of a motor car into Father's office. I could not hope to run a theatre on the strength of a few *Coupe des Dames*.

There was one other small point to be considered. It had all become a tremendous strain, and I was desperately tired.

In October, 1955, I wrote to Sir William Rootes explaining why I intended to retire. At his request I went to see him, and he paid me the compliment of asking me to do one more rally—the 1956 Monte. Sir Reginald, who was also there, added: "Well, even when you're working you'll be entitled to a holiday sometimes, so perhaps you can do a rally or two then." I grinned and said a rally was not quite my idea of relaxation.

I did not want to do another Monte, but I felt that I could not refuse. Sir William and the whole Rootes family had shown me a really true friendship, and I had every reason to feel grateful.

I had hoped to take Anne and Françoise with me again for the last time, but in the meantime Anne had received an offer to drive for another manufacturer. When I explained the situation, however, she said that whatever happened she would like to drive with me in my last rally. It was a splendid gesture, entirely typical of Anne.

Unfortunately, I could not have Françoise as well. Anne was going to take a friend of hers, Yvonne Jackson, as her co-driver for the rest of the year, and for Anne's sake I had to take Yvonne in place of Françoise.

Françoise was a good enough friend to understand the situation, although naturally she was disappointed. So

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was I—and not only for her sake. I had realized long ago that our team spirit was exceptional. We three had been together for three years, always in complete harmony.

For the first time Anne came with me on the reconnaissance before the event. It is unusual—indeed, unnecessary—for more than one driver from each car to do the reconnaissance, but Anne had now accepted an offer to succeed me as No. 1 driver in the Rootes all-women crew. I was therefore handing over to her, and when we made the preparations she took over Françoise's usual work of typing out the time-cards.

The course was to be about six hundred miles longer than usual, so that the rally would take about ninety hours instead of seventy-two.

I was exceedingly apprehensive. In five years of continuous rallying I had been blessed with the most phenomenal luck, and I began to think that it must run out one day. I had a premonition that it might be now.

About two years before, Joan Hughes, my flying instructor, had given me a silver St. Christopher, which I had sewn inside my jacket pocket and worn ever since. Now, when I was getting my clothes ready, I discovered that it was missing. I turned the flat upside down, becoming more and more panicky. I rang up my cleaners, but they could find no trace of it. Then I turned everything out again, until I was almost demented.

When Joan heard about this she promptly gave me another St. Christopher—an even bigger and better one—and I was given so many more good-luck charms by friends and the family that I could hardly move.

Even Mother who had always ignored the whole thing and pretended not to care, gave me a gold charm to wear round my neck. Of course, I still had the St. Christopher that Father had given me before my first rally; and now he looked worried, and asked me to promise not to take any undue risks. He had never done that before.

WE had chosen to start from Stockholm, so first we flew to Oslo and picked up the cars, which had been sent there by boat. Then we motored to Stockholm, to look at the country, see the conditions, and to give the cars a run.

About eighty miles before Stockholm one of the nicest things happened. We stopped at a garage, and found Greta Mölander and Helga Lundberg there. They had motored out specially to meet us. When we drank each other's health I felt a pang at the thought of what I was leaving. This feeling was intensified in Stockholm, where we met Nancy Mitchell and all the others, and had the usual get-together.

We prepared for the start. My disquieting thoughts and feelings faded.

The roads were somewhat icy at first, but otherwise conditions were good. Up to Paris it was an easy rally, but the regulations had been tightened up owing to the Le Mans disaster. Secret controls were established to enforce speed regulations and to see that we maintained the set average speed all the way. This made the rally much more mathematical.

I did not think I had been driving very well. The exceptional emotional stress before the start was having at least a subconscious effect. I missed Françoise, and in handing over some of the responsibility to Anne I had slightly relaxed my grip.

All was well until Chambéry, where one of the harder mountain sections began. The night was clear when we began to climb the Col du Granier—steep, narrow and rough, but not all that difficult. According to our experience on the reconnaissance, there was no reason why we should not do it in the time allowed. Then, quite early in the climb, I slid when coming round a corner and lost control, and the car shot off the road.

After this I eased up a little—and that was a big mistake. I did not go fast enough when I had the chance. I realized this when, higher up, we ran into thick cloud.

It was like a London pea-souper, and it blotted everything out. We could not see either side of the road, so I did not even know which side was the drop. So long as we remained in that fog I would not go faster than I considered safe. The result was that we were seven minutes late at the next control.

We did the rest of the classification test on time, because conditions were good. When the first results were posted up we were not in the top ninety who would fight it out on the mountain circuit.

I had got the result I deserved. Anne and I were disappointed that our partnership should end like this, but I must admit that I felt a tremendous relief when we reached the finish. Only then did I realize quite how strung up about the rally I had been.

Luckily, the other members of the Sunbeam team, Peter Harper and Jimmy Ray, had done so well that we won the manufacturers' team prize, so now it was ours for keeps. We were quite sure about that—although not everybody else was, as we discovered at the prizegiving.

At this ceremony the trophies are all laid out on an enormous table, and make a wonderful display.

When Peter went up in his third position to receive his prizes, the organizers showed him the team prize, and then immediately whipped it back.

"It's ours," Peter protested.

"No, no," said the officials, and Peter had to drive on.

Norman was standing by, so he immediately took the matter up. It was still not sorted out when Jimmy Ray went up in tenth position; they would not give the trophy to him, either.

Eventually they had to agree that it was ours, and when I arrived, in 122nd position, they presented it to me, almost with tears streaming down their faces at having to part with it. They need not have worried, for soon afterwards Sir William Rootes presented another trophy to take its place.

I was sure that I had just finished what would prove to be the best five years of my life, but it was lovely to wake up and find I had nothing to worry about. It was pleasant to be able to go out in the evening and stay up late, instead of having to retire to bed at about nine to keep fit. I had forgotten what it was like to have so much leisure, and enjoyed the change immensely.

After a short rest I went back to the theatre, full of energy and enthusiasm, eager to learn and help Father all I could. The moment he saw my threatening figure on the horizon he made an instant recovery, and could not be persuaded to leave the place.

"I suppose you'll still do a rally now and then?" he asked, wistfully.

"I hope to do one or two occasionally, for fun," I replied. "But I shan't think about it for eighteen months. The theatre's my job now."

Father began working overtime. . . .

About the end of February I was invited to a luncheon, and found myself seated between Brian Rootes and Norman.

"Well," said Brian, "you've retired from rallying."

"Yes," I agreed warily, wondering what was cooking.

"But you haven't retired from motor racing," Brian added casually.

"I couldn't very well, as I've never raced."

"Now's your chance to start," put in Norman. "How would you like to do the Mille Miglia?"

I took a deep breath and made the only possible reply: "I'll have to ask my dad."

Father was all for it. So was Mother, who had no apprehension, superstition or tension about my entering for what has been called, not without reason, the most dangerous motor race in the world. Four British drivers had been killed in the race since the war.

It is dangerous mainly for the high-powered cars that go all out to win. Neither Rootes nor I had any such ambition. I was to drive a Sunbeam Rapier, which could not stand a ghost of a chance of beating the big racing cars. It was to be the Rapier's first appearance in a competition, and the purpose of the entry was to show it off abroad.

Peter Harper was to share the driving, and we arranged that he would drive on the more difficult sections. Our aim was to complete the course at a respectable average speed. There was no question of taking risks. We were not expected to do anything spectacular.

I found myself looking forward to the race. I had recovered my sense of humour.

I flew out with Norman and David Humphrey a week before the start. We did a reconnaissance of the whole course, picking Peter up in Rome. All Italy seemed to be *en fête* for the event, and in Brescia, where the race started and finished, there was a real carnival atmosphere. We were sitting in a café the day before the race when Stirling appeared, dusty and unshaven, in blue dungarees.

He just had time to order coffee before he was recognized. The next moment our table was a mass of young struggling humanity with autograph books. He carried on signing his name for the next two hours.

The noise and excitement grew as the hour for the start approached. Special stands had been erected, loud-speakers blared instructions in voluble Italian, the crowd became larger and noisier.

There was great cheering when the first of the small cars was flagged away at 11 p.m. At last our turn came, and I drove up the yellow ramp under a blaze of floodlights. We were in the centre of a world of brilliant light and deafening noise. Then the flag dropped, and we roared into the dark and quiet of the night.

We had arranged that I should drive the first four hundred miles, on the good, fast roads through Padua and Ravenna and down the Adriatic coast.

FOR the first time in the history of the race the whole course was closed to all other traffic until the last car had passed. It was the first major event of its kind since the disaster of Le Mans, and the authorities had taken unprecedented precautions. The course was marked with huge red arrows, so that it was almost impossible to go wrong.

The car went superbly, and for the first hour or so we averaged more than eighty. Then it began to rain. It continued to stream down for the rest of the race. Some cars crashed, and in spite of all the safeguards there were fatal casualties among drivers and spectators. The conditions were the worst ever experienced, and I drove circumspectly over the greasy roads.

At Pesaro we made the first of four stops for petrol—thirty seconds at each—and at the same time I handed over to Peter. We continued southwards to Pescara, and then turned west across the Apennines. This was rally country—and as rough as that of the Alpine, of course, but the speed was higher—and Peter came into his own. In spite of the rain and wind and slippery surface, our average over the six hundred miles from Brescia to Rome was 72 m.p.h.

Peter drove on northwards, through Florence and then into more rally country, including Futa Pass, the toughest part of the race. Now it was like a winter rally, with driving rain and great winds, torrents rushing down the hillside carrying mud and stones, the road sometimes flooded and as

STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA • 2

by Commander Douglas Duff

Atlantic monster was a hundred feet long

THE S.S. Tyne, of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, was well on her way from Casablanca to Rio de Janeiro on an April day in 1920 when she saw a strange sea-creature just after six bells in the afternoon watch—three o'clock.

It was a day of perfect visibility and without a ripple on the sea. The Tyne's noonday sights had shown her to be in the latitude of the islets of St. Paul Rocks, off the eastern-most bulge of South America.

The second officer was on the bridge, assisted by the junior third, Thomas A. R. Muir, when Muir saw what seemed to be a tall spar, projecting nearly thirty feet from the surface. He called his senior, thinking it might be the mast of a semi-submerged derelict, one of the greatest perils of the ocean lanes.

But, as they focused their glasses on it, only four hundred yards away, they saw that the "spar" was alive. Its head was turned towards them.

Suddenly, spray began to fly from the base of the tall neck, as great paddles churned the water. Far from being alarmed, the creature kept pace with the Tyne, which was making twelve knots. Its head turned back and forth several times, as though it was studying its neighbour.

The crew were too far away to make out the underwater details, but their impression was of a huge body, close on a hundred feet long, shining in the sea, rolling along at speed.

In the excitement neither officer called the captain, and the seamen were far too enthralled to move without an order.

The monster kept pace with the ship for nearly five minutes before the long neck curved over like a swan's and the big head submerged. The watchers saw a vast, glistening body rise a few feet as its shoulders followed, and then the monster was gone in a last flurry of paddles and tail.

The drawing they made is very like a *Plesiosaurus*, and their description would fit a creature of that kind. Maybe, somewhere in the vast lonelinesses of the oceans, a few primeval creatures have continued to breed. There has been proof, recently, of one being in existence: the coelacanth was known only as a fossil before some were caught off the African coast.

Perhaps some of the strange and monstrous reptiles of the world's dawn are still with us.

slippery as ice. The weather had defeated the organizers, and it was a dangerous race after all.

My worst moment was when we roared down a hill into a rather wicked bend, and the car began to slide. For a few seconds it was tricky, but Peter held it and we straightened out and accelerated away across a bridge and up the hill.

Only after we were over and through did I pause to look back. I saw a fifty-foot drop, and at the bottom the wreckage of one of the earlier cars—just at the spot where we would have landed had not the car and the driver been first-class.

Altogether we saw about twelve crashes, but apart from this incident we ourselves had very few near escapes. I had every confidence in Peter, and I needed it, for this was the first time I had been driven in difficult conditions for more than four years. It brought home to me what Anne and Françoise must have been through—and how wonderfully they behaved. The most difficult part of a co-driver's job is to sit tight when she is being scared out of her wits.

Peter drove all the way from Pesaro to Bologna—538 miles—without a break. Then I took over again to drive to the finish. The conditions were as bad as ever, and now we had the crowd hazard at its worst.

The big racing cars were not far behind us now, and masses of people had turned out in spite of the rain to see them come by.

At first it was unnerving to drive straight into what looked like a solid mass of people, stretched right across the road, but the mass always parted before us, and we tore through like a high-speed ice-breaker as the road ahead magically cleared and the people became a blur of wet faces flashing past on either side of the car. Their judgment was almost uncanny.

Soon after Bologna we had to stop because of a blocked carburettor jet—the only trouble we had on the whole race—and Peter spent two or three minutes cleaning it out. As we were standing by the roadside there was a sudden rush of wind, and we looked up just in time to see Castellotti in his Ferrari flashing by.

When we began motoring again I kept a close watch on the mirror, for we knew the other crack cars were not far behind. Peter Collins roared past next, making our speed seem like a crawl—then Musso and Fangio, one mighty Ferrari after another.

On we sped, splashing through village after village to the finish. Thanks to our rally training, Peter and I were not particularly exhausted and could have carried on quite happily, but we had the luck to be warm and dry.

Many sports car entrants had to be almost lifted out of their open cockpits at the end of the race. Among them was Nancy Mitchell, who was also competing in her first Mille Miglia. She had driven her M.G.A. the whole way herself, and finished third in her class.

We had done much better than was expected. Our final overall average was 66.37 m.p.h. Because of the conditions, Castellotti's winning twelve-cylinder Ferrari averaged only 85.4, against Stirling's record-breaking 97.9 the year before.

Our car had performed magnificently, exceeding 100 m.p.h. on many stretches and clinging to the shiny wet mountain bends like a limpet. We beat a strong contingent of Continental cars, including a number of specially prepared Porsches, to win our class. We had never dreamed of anything like that.

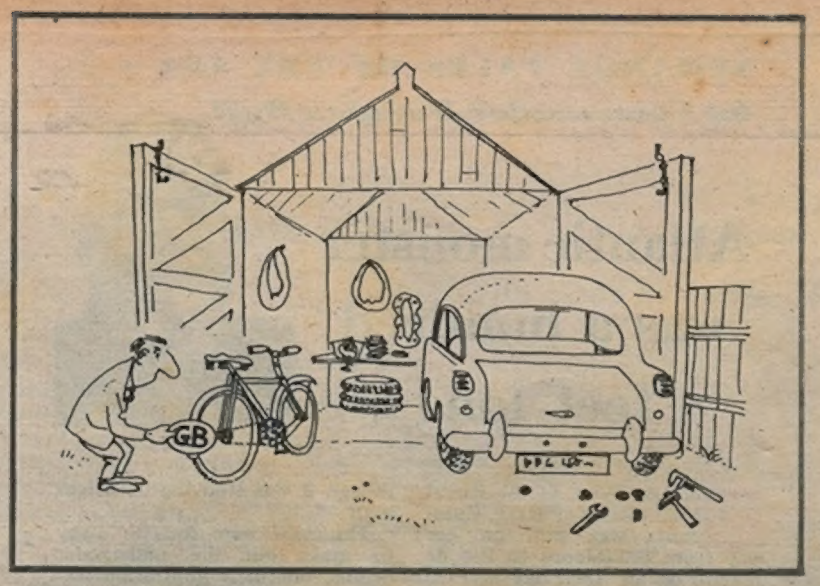
So ended my first Mille Miglia—but not, I hope, my last.

"Do you think you'll want to do it again next year?" Brian Rootes asked when we returned home.

"I'll have to ask my dad. . . ."

Soon I was busy trying to acquire the necessary knowledge and common sense to run a theatre that seats only 312 but has seventy artists and another fifty on the permanent staff.

My first task was to gain their respect. With the artists this was not



too difficult, for they also had no experience of running the theatre.

With the executive staff it was obviously more tricky. Twelve of them had been with Father since the theatre opened. Anne Mitelle had been his right hand when I was still in a gym slip, and Maisie Cryer—who arranges and produces all the dances except Keith Lester's ballets—had known me almost as long.

They could have been resentful. Instead they were friendly and helpful.

I had no official job. When Father was away I had to stand in for him; when he was there—and he nearly always was—I had no duties at all. All the available space in the building is occupied, so there was no question of giving me an office.

I am lucky to have a small desk in a corner of the press office, where bedlam reigns. I spend an hour or so there in the morning to deal with my correspondence, and that is all I need. After all, a theatre is not run from an office—Father's is more like a sitting-room—and I spend my time all over the place.

One of the first things I had to master was our complicated system of running the show. The artists are divided equally into two companies, which appear on alternate days. There are approximately eighteen girls and

SPEECH—4

There is no man but speaks more honestly than he can do or think.

Francis Bacon

eight boys in each of the two companies, but altogether there are fifty girls and twenty boys, and each of them has a holiday every three shows.

Every show is made up of thirteen numbers, among which there are usually three outside acts—always including a comedian—which are changed every show. The rest is done by the resident company.

The girls share their work, and sometimes as many as three girls take it in turns to do one number. All their different entrances are marked on an enormous chart beforehand. It is much harder to work out than a pools permutation. Every morning a list is put up telling all the artists which appearances they will have for the day.

The show lasts one hundred minutes, and there are six performances a day. As it is continuous, we cannot ask a patron to vacate his seat if he likes to see the show twice or even three times running. One night, however, at about nine o'clock, I heard our house manager say to a patron, very politely: "Don't you think you've seen enough, sir?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said the patron indignantly. "I paid my fifteen shillings when I came in at twelve o'clock, and I'm going to see the show to the end."

At general auditions and rehearsals Father always sits in the third row of the stalls, a microphone in front of him so that he can give the stage staff directions about lighting, one of the most important parts of the production.

At one time I always sat in the row behind, but now Father told me to sit beside him. This was a symbolic move. It did not mean that he was delegating any responsibility to me—so long as he was in charge I never opened my mouth—but he detailed me to audition any girls who came when he was away.

We have a permanent advertisement in *The Stage*, and will see girls at any time.

Father decided long ago what the main qualities in a Windmill girl should be: personality, youth, beauty, talent—in that order. Personality comes first, because in such a small, intimate theatre each girl is seen as an individual, and must project her personality across the footlights. Talent comes last, because youth and beauty are more important.

When a girl is taken on she is groomed and taught to dance. The important thing is that she should be versatile and adaptable, capable and willing to perform any part in the show. Every girl sees the show before she is offered a contract.

Quite a lot of talent is expected of the boys, and only good all-round dancers are engaged. Their rôle is difficult, for our patrons are hardly noted for coming to look at the male members of the company.

The comedians, no doubt, have the hardest task of all. The Windmill has been called the comedian's graveyard, and men who can reduce other audiences to fits of laughter have had the unnerving experience of playing to a full house in stony silence. One of the least funny of our comedians begged us to lower the lights because he was distracted by the people in the front rows reading their newspapers.

Father has discovered an amazing number of comedians. Jimmy Edwards turned up with nothing but a moth-eaten top-hat, an enormous moustache and a trombone. His famous "Professor" act was built up at the Windmill.

Alfred Marks was auditioned as a singer, and after turning him down Father heard him telling a funny story to some property men on the way out, and engaged him as a comedian. Harry Secombe, Peter Sellers, Michael Bentine, Arthur English, Eric Barker, Bill Maynard—these and many others are on the honours board outside the theatre, and it is almost quicker to compile a list of the comedians Father did *not* discover. I can think of two—Norman Wisdom and Benny Hill. Father turned them down.

Father always took his holidays when he could best be spared, but at last the day came when he was too ill to go to the theatre. For the first time in twenty-five years he had to say to someone: "You will take rehearsals this morning."

That someone was me.

I sat in his seat with the microphone and never felt so small in my life, but everything went smoothly, and I did not have to think of making any changes. Father is still the boss even when he is not there. It is his show—and so long as the formula remains successful I shall not make any drastic alterations when I am in charge.

The formula is glamour and comedy, especially glamour. The show is fresh and bright, young and gay, tuneful—and artistic. Don't let's kid ourselves: it is for beauty unadorned that we are best known. Why not? Personally, I would much rather see a young girl with a lovely figure posed on the stage under artistic lighting than have to look at some of the desperately unattractive females on view in some of our art galleries.

That, of course, is only a woman's point of view. I am well aware why a great number of gentlemen start queueing outside the theatre at 9 a.m. when the box office does not open till twelve. As we do not reserve seats, this is the only sure way of getting into the front row.

The business of trying to get into the front row is a classic. We are forced now during every interval between shows to put over the call: "Gentlemen, please do *not* climb over the seats." Our patrons found this was the surest way to get the seat in front, and the progressive steeplechase continued until the goal was reached.

I was standing at the back of the stalls with Father one day, watching this, when he turned to me and said with a completely serious face: "You know, a man's got to be very fit to come in here."

He told me not to spend all my time at the theatre. "Enjoy yourself while you've the chance," he said. "One day you'll be tied down here, and you won't find it so easy then. Go and have fun."

I took him at his word. Now that it no longer mattered if I was not in bed by 9 p.m. I even found myself being highly sociable after midnight. I went to White Waltham aerodrome to renew old friendships, and one day Joan Hughes insisted that I should go up with her to see how much I remembered.

We did a circuit and a bump. My general flying was untidy, but I was delighted when I put it back on the ground in an almost three-point landing. I turned to Joan and remarked that I must have been rather well taught in the first place.

I had reason to be grateful to her, for learning to fly is a valuable preparation for the art of driving. In both—and in riding, too—much lies in the feel of your hands, your feet and the seat of your pants. If you are ham-fisted in an aeroplane or on a horse you will probably be a ham-fisted driver.

Father went on holiday, and I stepped into his office and carried on. When he returned I stepped out. It is still like that. It is not in Father's nature to delegate responsibility and, so long as he is in charge, the Windmill will always be a one-man show. He must find it difficult to reconcile himself to the thought that one day I will be in his shoes. All through my life he has taught me that no one is indispensable, but I have a sneaking feeling that he believes there is one exception.

He goes away more now, and I think he is beginning to trust me a little. He is still the same dominating character, but our relationship has matured. I respect him as much as ever, but things have changed since the days when he ordered me to come to the Windmill, join the Waaf, come back, get out, learn to fly, and go on my first rally.

Not long ago, I was wondering how to end this autobiography when he suddenly asked me, over lunch in the canteen: "When do you propose to tell me that you are going on the next Monte?"

THE END

Sheila Van Damm's life story will be published as a book by Putnam on February 25, at 16s., under the title "No Excuses."

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Lesson For Nasser	The Lorry Drivers
Eden's Team	Crusty Old Curmudgeon
Democracy's A Jewel, So	With A Sigh Of Relief

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit, the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to John Bull, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in John Bull dated March 9), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, February 23, for early news of No. 2,076 result.)

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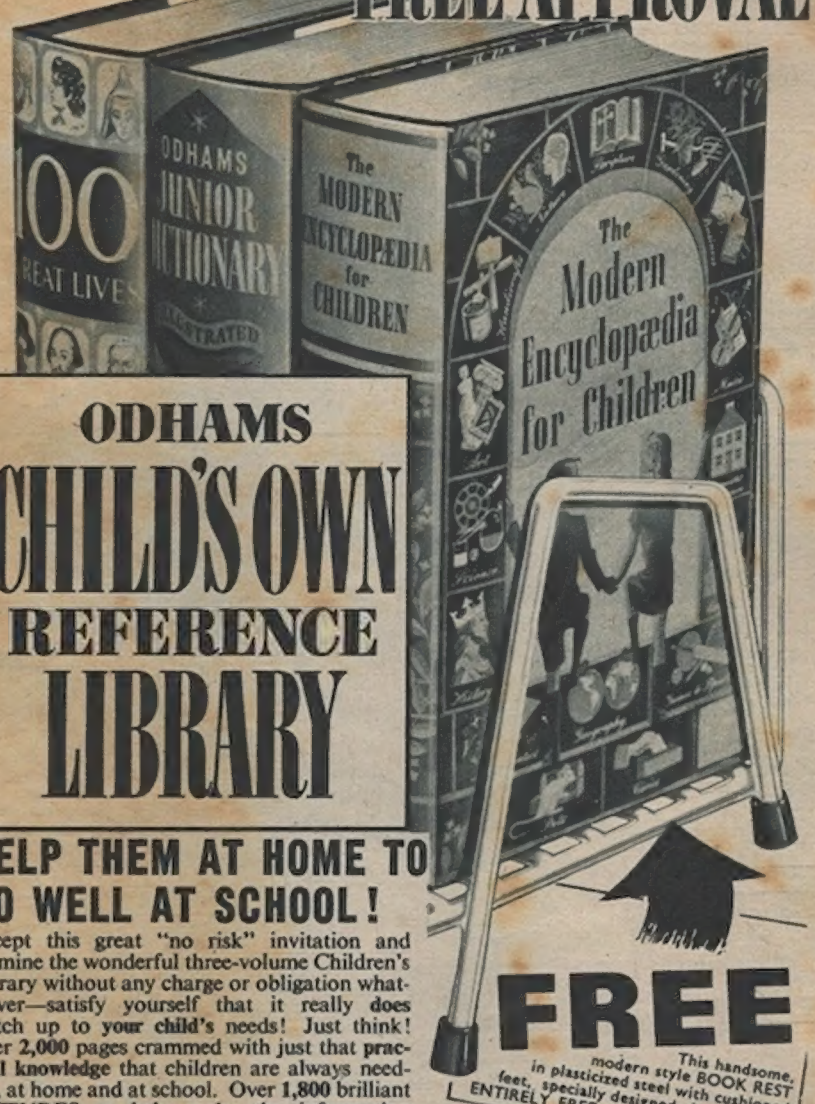
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